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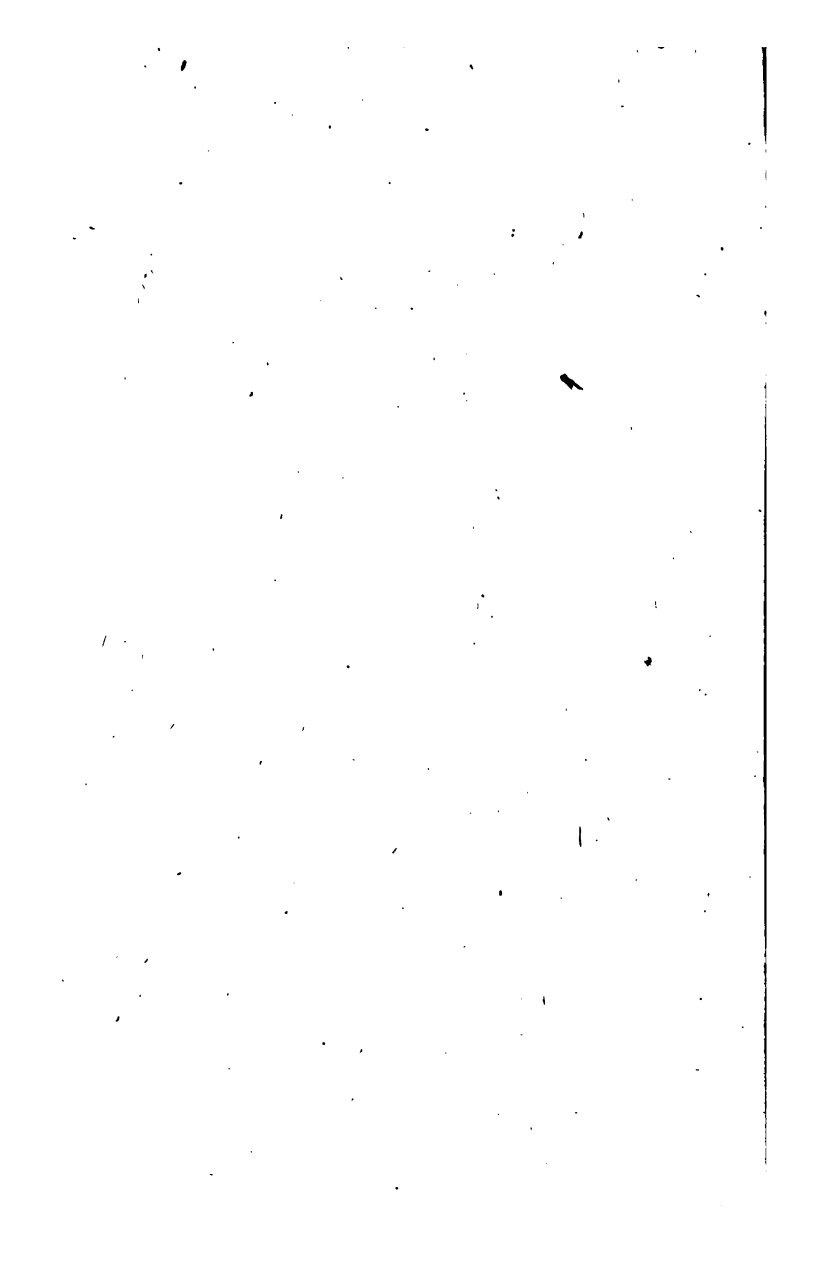
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PIA DESIDERIA

. O R,

Divine Addresses,

In Three BOOKS.

Illustrated with XLVII. Copper-Plates.

Written in *Latin* by *Herm. Hugo*.

Englisbed by
EDM. ARWAKER, M. A.

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T H E

P R E E A C E.

FROM my first Acquaintance with this Author, which was as early as I was able to understand him, I found him so pleasing and agreeable, that I wish'd he were taught to speak English, that those who could not understand him in his own Language might by that means partake of the Satisfaction and Advantage I, at least, receiv'd in my Conversation with him. And finding that not any Pen had been employ'd about the Work, (for Mr. Quarles only borrow'd his Emblems, to prefix them to much inferior Sense) rather than it should remain undone, and such an excellent piece of Devotion be lost to those who wou'd prize it most, the Religious Ladies of our Age: I resolv'd to engage in the Attempt; and the rather, because the Subject was suitable to my Calling, as a Clergyman, as the Sense was to my Fancy, as an humble Admirer of Poetry, especially such as is Divine.

But on a more considerate Perusal of the Book, in order to a Translation, I found some thing in it which put a stop to my Proceeding, that even my Zeal to have done, cou'd scarce prevail with me to undertake the Work. For my Author, I found, was a little too much a Poet, and had inserted several fictitious Stories in his Poems, which did much lessen their Gravity, and very ill become their Devotion; and which, indeed, wou'd

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take from them that prevalency which they ought to have, as serious Addresses from the Soul to God, over the Affections of all that read them. But at last my inclination to the Work, made me resolve rather wholly to omit those Fictions where I met them, than recede from my Design. And accordingly I have made it my Business to leave them always out, only where I could think of an apposite Example out of the Scriptures, I have used it instead of the fictitious one omitted. As in the first Poem of the second Book, where the Author brings in Phaeton as an example of Mens desiring Liberty in choosing, tho' their Choice proves oftentimes their Ruin; I have used the Prodigal Son, as more suitable in that Design, and I am sure to the gravity of the Poem. And such another Alteration I have made in the second Poem of the third Book, where, instead of Cydippe's being deceiv'd by Acontius with an Apple, I have mentioned Eve's being so deluded by the Serpent. And in several other places I have done the like, where those fabulous Stories came in my way, as whoever has the Curiosity to enquire, may find, by comparing the English and the Latine. And in all this, I think, I have rather done my Author a Kindness than an Injury. But there is another thing for which some of the Author's Friends may perhaps call me to an Account; that is, for omitting several Historical Passages taken from the Legends of Saints and Martyrologies: And for this I must return in my own behalf, that it was not out of any disregard to, or prejudice against the Saints and holy Persons of whom the Account is given, nor that I superstitiously disbelieve their Stories, however some perhaps may with too much Superstition credit them; but
the

The P R E F A C E.

the true Reasons of my leaving out the mention of them were these: First, because I knew that great part of the Readers would be Strangers to their Histories, and must consequently be at a loss in understanding the Poems. Secondly, because the truth of the Relations is not so evident as to render them unquestionable, I thought them better left out, especially since they are only bare recitals of such Passages, without any improvement of Fancy, or luckiness of Thought upon them, which could not injure the Book by being omitted, whereas the inserting that Part might prejudice some nice Judgments against the Whole. And, which was my third Reason, might be a hindrance to the Impression.

*But however they may Censure me for this, I hope they will not take it ill that I have left out the Satyrical part of the second Poem of the first Book, wherein the Author reflects on the Monks and Friars in their variety of Habits, and Contests about them; for indeed I thought it something too uncharitable to have any room in so divine a Poem. And now I am Apologizing for Omissions, let me not forget to acquaint the Reader that I have left out some of the Author's Sense, particularly in the eighth Poem of the second Book, and in the second Poem of the third Book: In the first of which he recounts all the several sorts of Perfumes he can think of, and in the latter makes a long recital of the various kinds of Flowers, both which rather tire than delight the Reader, and he must be unkind if he does not thank me for omitting them. But still it may be objected against me, that I have made bold with my Author, in varying from him, and sometimes adding to him: 'Tis true, I have done both; as in the third Poem of the first Book for instance, where, instead of
mentioning*

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mentioning Podalirius and Melampus, and the other Physicians, I have used ten Lines of my own; and in the fifth Poem of the same Book, I have given an Account of Man's Creation something different from that in my Author (both which, as all the other Variations and Additions may be known to the English Reader by their being printed in the Italick Character.) But whether I have impair'd the Sense, whether done for the better or the worse, I must submit my Self to the Judgment of the Learned, whose Pardon I must beg for whatever is amiss, and particularly if in any thing I have injur'd the worthy Author, to whom I am willing to make all the Reparation I am able. And if I have injur'd him in other Additions, I have done him a kindness in that of the tenth Poem of the third Book, where he seems to Apologize for Self-murther; for what I have there added takes away all possibility of mistaking him, who I am Confident was too good a Christian to design any thing of that kind, and we find he sufficiently condemned all such Attempts by this Verse:

O quoties quæsitæ fugæ fuit ansa pudendæ!

Which I have rendred,

How oft wou'd I attempt a shameful Flight!

where the Epithet he gives to Flight, proves that he had no good Opinion of it. And this gives me the hint to say something of his wishing for Death in the eighth Poem of the same Book, which is not any way meant in favour of Self-murther, but a Pious desire of the Soul to be freed from the captivity of the Body, that it might enjoy its Saviour; which is no more than what St. Paul tells us of himself, That he had a desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. More

might

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might be urg'd in behalf of my Author on this account, but that he needs no Apology, and I have enough to do to excuse my self, for 'tis not improbable I shall be accus'd of an indecorum as to Chronology, in the fourth Poem of the first Book, in bringing in the glorious Saint and Martyr King Charles I. with our late Monarch, for Examples of the Misfortune that oftentimes attends the greatest and best of Men, instead of Menelaus and Dionysius : But I desire the Reader to give me leave to inform him, that I design my Translation to represent the Book as if now but first written, and where then could I produce more apt Examples of the instability of Fortune, and the sufferings of good Men, than those Princes were, whose Unhappiness, like their Excellencies, had no Parallel ? I am sure They must be more suitable than Dionysius, whose Tyranny made him unpitied in his Misery. And having told my Reader my Design, I hope he will not blame me for changing the 7th of May (which I suppose was my Author's Birth-day) to the 27th of July (which was my own) and applying to my self all that part of the eighth Poem in the third Book; and then I am confident I shall not be condemn'd on any Hand for that Digression in the fourteenth Poem of the same Book, wherein I conceive the joyful Reception of his Sacred Majesty King Charles the First's Soul into Heaven, and the great Satisfaction which his Son's Succession to the Crown brought to those Cœlestial Spirits, who being lovers of Right and Equity, must be exceedingly pleas'd to have his undoubted Title take place, for that they are affected with some Transactions here below, is evident from our Saviour's Words, That there is joy in Heaven among the Angels over Sinners that

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that repent; and why not then over the Just that are rewarded?

I would not willingly tire my Reader with a long Preface, and therefore shall only add a Word or two in behalf both of my Author and my Self. 'Tis true, the Title-page in the Latine declares him of the Society of Jesus, but his Book shews nothing either of his Order, or particular Opinion in Religion, but that he is an excellent Christian in the main: And indeed he seems to me to have designedly avoided all occasion of Offence to his Readers of a different Judgment; for tho' in the fourteenth Poem of the first Book he had a fair opportunity of mentioning Purgatory, he wholly declines it, and takes no notice at all of such a place. And in the twelfth Poem of the third Book he says nothing of Transubstantiation, tho' he had occasion to mention the Sacrament of the Eucharist. And this particularly I thought necessary to offer, lest some may think I have mis-render'd him in those places, which, if they consult himself, they'll see I have had no occasion for it. Thus having made my Excuse for some things which I fear'd might be Carpt at, if I have any other Faults, I shall detain the Reader no longer, but let him go on to find them.

T O

(1)



*Lord thou knowest all my desire,
and my groaning is not hid
from thee. Psal. 38. v. 9.*

TO THE
D E S I R E
 OF THE
 Eternal Habitations,
JESUS CHRIST,
 Whom the Angels desire to pry into.

Lord, thou knowest all my Desire, and my Groaning is not hid from thee, Psal. 38. vers. 9.

BY no discov'ry did I e'er impart
 The secret *Pansings* of my *Love-sick Heart*;
 Whose close *recesses* to no other Eye
 But that *great Pow'r's* that fram'd them, open lie:
He only views my Thoughts in their undress,
 And *his bright Beams* search thro' their nakedness:
 To him each secret sigh, each silent groan,
 To him the bottom of my Soul is known.

Who can his sense t'another's ears convey,
 Unless himself his own designs betray ?
 Yet, cou'd *Discov'ry* gratify my Wish,
Concealment should not long defer the Bliss :
 But no *relation* can my wants relieve,
 Of limits to my boundless wishes give.

Rachel awhile did her lost Sons deplore,
 But finding Tears in vain, she wept no more.
 Thus Fire *emits*, and then *devours* its Seeds,
 And on its Off-spring the wild *Parent* feeds.
 Thus, when the Clouds have empty'd all their Rain,
 They drink up the exhausted stock again.
 And thus I best receive the Tears I shed,
 And turn the *Streams* back to their *Fountain-head*.

(*GROAN*,
 Then, what my Thoughts are, while I deeply
 Only to me, and him I love, is known;
 What I design in every silent *VOW*,
 Only *my self*, and *my Beloved* know;
 And my thick *SIGHS* a mystick Language prove,
 Unknown to all but *me* and *Him I love*.

How oft have I, with pious Fraud and Art,
 In a dissembled look bely'd my Heart ?

Pleasure

Pleasure and Mirth without deludes the sight,
While all within is *Torment* in the height.

No Faith in Tears, for Tears have learnt deceit,
No Faith in Smiles, unless your self you'd cheat.
I *weep*, the hasty World believes I'm sad;
I *laugh*, and they as fast conclude me glad.
How little shows my Face my Mind's intent?
I *smile* when *griev'd*, when *pleas'd*, I most lament.
Not the *Camelion* changes more than those,
Whose every Wish new *Masquerades* expose;
None knows my secret *GROANS*, and *VOWS*,
and *SIGHS*,
None but *we Two*, and only *we* suffice.

Heb. iv. 13.

Neither is there any Creature that is not manifest in his Sight, but all Things are naked and opened to the Eyes of him with whom we have to do.



*With my Soul have I desired
thee in the night: Isa: 26. 9.*

S I G H S

O F T H E

Penitent Soul.

BOOK *the First.*

I.

With my Soul have I desired thee in the Night,
Isa. xxvi. 9.

HOW do my *wandering Thoughts* mistake their
And in a Maze of darksome *Error* stray? (way,
Loft in whose dismal *Lab'rinth*, I conclude
'Th' *Agyptian Plague* is in my Soul renew'd.
All cloudy, fearful, horrid; not one spark
Of Day; a Night for Night it self too dark.
No *Scythian* or *Cimmerian* Sky so black, (forsake;
Tho' Heav'n's bright Lamps those gloomy Shades
Ev'n *Hell*, where Night in fable Triumph dwells,
Yields to the Terror of my darker *Cells*:

For tho' no fav'ouring Star imparts its Light,
 To banish thence the thick *substantial* Night,
 Yet *there* so much their Punishment they feel,
 As will not let them be *insensible* :

There the sad Shades bewail their want of Light;
 And ev'n the dim *Cimmerians* see 'tis *Night*,
 And, when the *Scythians* fix dark Moons have spent,
 Th' expected Day returns from Banishment.

But I am to *eternal Night* confin'd,
 And what shou'd guide me, is it self struck blind.
 There's not one glim'ering *Beam* that dares invade
 The settled Horror of the gloomy Shade.
 Nor can I hope but that I still must stray,
 Since I perceive not how I lose my way;
 But love th' unhappy Darkness where I err,
 And *Nights* foul Shades, to *Days* bright Lamp prefer.
 For *Prides* false light misguides my wandring mind,
 And vain *Ambition* strikes my Judgment blind:
Loves soft Enchantments my weak Heart entice ;
 His *foolish Fires* delude my dazled Eyes.
 When these black Images my thoughts possess,
 The darkness and the horror still increase.
 My Eyes have their successive Night and Day,
 And Heav'n allows *Them* an alternate Sway :
 Oh ! that my *Soul* as happy were as *They* !

That

That *Reason* jointly might with *Will* preside,
 Whose Office 'tis the stragling *Mind* to guide!

They more are griev'd who cannot use their Sight,
 Than they, who never yet enjoy'd the Light ;
 And he that in Night's Shades has lost his Way,
 Salutes with greater Joy th' approaching Day :
 But that's a Night too tedious to be born,
 Which never will admit the grateful Morn.

When the bright Sun returns to cheer our Eyes,
 We haste, like *Persians*, to adore his Rise ;
 Thither our early Homage we address,
 And strive who first shall his kind Influence bless.
 Thus oft, on high, I Heav'ns bright Orb survey'd
 From Pole to Pole, and thus as oft have pray'd ;
 Shine, shine, my *Sun*, bright Object of my Song,
 Thou that hast left my watchful Eyes too long :
 Rise, rise, or *half* thy beauteous Face display !
 If that's too much, indulge me one short Ray.
 Yet, if that Bliss ss too sublime for me,
 O let it be enough to've wish'd for Thee !

Bernard in Cant. Sermon. 75.

*The World has its Nights, and those not a few. Alas !
 why do I say its Nights ; since it self is almost one con-
 tinual Night, and always overspread with Darknefs ?*

II. O God,



O God, thou knowest my Simplicity, and my faults are not hid from thee. Psal: 69. 3.

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II.

*O God, thou knowest my simplicity, and my faults
are not hid from thee, Psal. lxxix. 5.*

IF thou our childish *Follies* can'st not bear,
Thou, who do'st all things by *wise Counsels* steer;
Who can accepted, who can pardon'd be,
Since none from *Folly*, none from *Faults* are free?
Nor scapes, alas, the most *exalted Mind*
This Poyson, of so subtil, strange a kind: }
All whirl'd about by the same giddy *Wind*.
'Tis vain to hide our *Faults*, we've all been frail;
Folly's our *Birth-Right* by a long Entail,
Since our first Parents went *themselves* astray,
And taught *us* too to fool our *Bliss* away:
They for an *Apple* all Mankind betray'd;
Was e'er a more imprudent bargain made?
Nor *Esan's* *Folly* has its parallel,
Who, Wretch! devour'd his *Birth-Right* at a *Meal*.
Ev'n He,——
Whom *Sheba's Queen* for *Wisdom* did prefer,
(Strange Weakness!) acted *Folly* ev'n with *Her*;
Which

Which proves *that King's* Orac'lous Sentence true,
 Who says, that *Foots are num'rous, Wise-men few.*
 Nor was the prudent *Moses's* Wish in vain,
 When he of Man's destruction did complain:
 " O that unthinking Mortals won'd be wise,
 " And place their End before their heedful Eyes!
 " Then Sins short Pleasures they won'd soon despise,
 " Nor yield, like *Wax*, to ev'ry *Stamp* of Vice.

Wou'd any but a strange besotted Rout,
 Th' *Existence* of a *God* deny, or doubt?
These, that in Sin they may uncheck'd go on,
 Perswade themselves to a Belief of *None*.
 Our very *Crimes* t'improve our *Folly* tend,
 And we're *insatiate*, e'er we dare *offend*;
 Nor does the growing frenzy *here* give o'er,
 But from *this Ill* runs headlong on to *more* :
 We Castles build in this inferiour Air,
 As if to have Eternal Beings *here* :
 But when unthought-of *Death* shall snatch us hence,
 We *then* shall own the fond Improvidence.
 With endless and unprofitable toil
 We strive t'enrich and beautify the Soil ;
 This Soil, which we must leave at last behind
 To those for whom our Pains were ne'er design'd.

How does our toil resemble Childrens play,
 When they erect an Edifice of Clay?
 How *idly* busy and imploy'd they are?
 Here, *some* bring Straw; there, *others* Sticks prepare;
This loads his Cart with Dirt; that in a Shell
 Brings Water, that it may be temper'd well;
 And in their Work themselves they fondly pride;
 While Age the *childish* *Fabrick* does deride:
 So on *our* Work Heav'n with contempt looks down,
 And with a breath our *Babel-Tow'r's* o'rethrown.

What strange desire of *Gems*, what thirst of *Gold*,
Those, drops of Rain congeal'd; *that*, ripned Mold!
 Yet *these* so much Mens nobler Souls debase,
 That they their Bliss in such mean trifles place.
 Ah! foolish Ign'rants! can your Choice approve,
 No more exalted Objects of your love,
 That all your time in *their* pursuit you spend,
 As if *Salvation* did on *them* depend?
 Heav'n may be purchas'd at an easy rate;
 But, oh! how few bid any thing for *That*!
 Unthinking Men! who *Earth* to *Heav'n* prefer,
 And *fading* *Joy's* to *endless* *Glory* *there*!
 The Crime of such an inconfid'rate Choice
 Ought not pretend to Pardon, ev'n in Boys;

For *They* from *Counters* current Money know,
 Almost as soon as they have learnt to go :
 But *Men* (oh shame) prize counterfeit Delights
 Before the Joys to which kind Heav'n invites.

Oh! for some Artist to retrieve their sense,
 E're more *degrees* of Folly they commence!

But by Heav'n's piercing Eye we are descry'd,
 Which does our Sins with Follies Mantle hide.
 He's pleas'd to wink at Errors too in me,
 And *seeing* seems as tho' he did not *see*.
 He knows I've but a slender stock of *Wit*,
 And want a Guardian too to manage it,
 O then, some kind *Protection*, Lord, assign
 This *Ideat Soul*! But 'twill be best in *Thine*.

Chrysoft.

Chrysoft. in Joann. Hom. 4.

*They are no better than Fools, who are
ever, as it were, dreaming of earthly
things, and of short continuance.*

III. Have



*Have mercy upon me O Lord,
for I am Weak: O Lord heal me,
(for my bones are vexed) Psal. 137. 2*

P. 16.

III.

*Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak : O
Lord, heal me, for my Bones are vexed, Psal.
vi. 2.*

SHall my just Grief be querulous, or mute,
Full of *Disease*, of *Physick* destitute ?
I thought thy Love so constant heretofore,
That *Vows* were needless to confirm me more :
And can'st thou now absent, and slight my Pain ?
What fault of mine has caus'd this cold *Disdain* ?

O best *Physician* of my love-sick Soul,
Whose sight alone will make thy *Patient* whole ;
Thou who hast caus'd, can'st thou forget my Grief,
Which only from its *Author* seeks Relief ?

*Shou'd they whose Art gave dying Fame new breath,
And rescu'd their surviving Names from Death :
They in whose sight no bold Disease durst stand,
But trembling vanish'd at their least command ;
They who each Simple's sov'reign Virtue knew,
And to their ends cou'd well apply them too :*

*Show'd they their Skill in tedious Consult try,
 All, all wou'd fail to ease my misery;
 All their Prescriptions without Thine are vain,
 Thine only suit the Nature of my Pain.
 Thou who hast caus'd, can't thou forget my Grief,
 Which only from its Author seeks Relief ?*

*See ! my parch'd Tongue my inward heat declares,
 And my quick Pulse proclaims intestine Wars;
 While so much Blood's profusely spent within,
 That not one drop can in my Cheeks be seen:
 And the same Pulse that once gave brisk Alarms,
 Beats a dead March in my dejected Arms :
 My Doctors sigh, and shrugging take their leave,
 And me to Heav'n and a cold Grave bequeath,
 While more than they the fatal sense I feel
 Of my lost Health, and their successful Skill.*

*What can the Patient hope, when ev'n despair
 Discourages the lost Physician's care !
 The subtle Poyson creeps through all my Veins,
 And in my Bones the fierce contagion reigns :
 My drooping Head flies to my Hands for aid,
 But by the feeble Props is soon betray'd :
 Now my last breath is ready to expire,
 And I must next to Death's dark Cell retire.*

Vainly

Vainly I strive my other Pains to tell,
 Because their number's unaccountable.
 In this forlorn unpeopled state I lie,
 While he who can relieve me, lets me die.
 My Face all chang'd, and out of knowledge grown,
 Ev'n I am scarce perswaded 'tis my own.
 My Eyes have stunk for shelter to my Heart,
 And on my Cheek the Rose hangs pale and dead.
 No pow'r cou'd drive the fierce Disease away,
 Nor force th' insatiable Victor from his prey.
 My Bed I loath; nor can it sleep procure;
 My festring Wounds no Surgeon's hands endure.

(Heart;

My Wounds—But oh! that word has pierc'd my
 The very mention does renew their smart;
 My Wounds gape wide, as they wou'd let in Death,
 And make quick Passage for my fitting Breath:
 Nor can they ev'n the lightest touch endure,
 But dread the Hand that wou'd attempt their Cure:
 For, Lord, my Wounds are from the Darts of Sin;
 That rage and torture my griev'd Soul within:
 Here an hydropick thirst of Riches reigns,
 And their Pride's flatuous humour swells my Veins:
 Next frantick Passion plays the Tyrant's part,
 And Loves o'er-spreading Cancer gnaws my Heart.

Oft to the learn'd I made my suff'erings known,
 Oft try'd their Skill, but found Redress from none:
 Not all the virtue of *Bethesda's Pool*,
 Without *thy help*, could ever make me whole.
 Then to what *healing Altar* shou'd I flee,
 But *that whose prostrate Victims never die*?
 To Thee, *Health-giver to the World*, I kneel,
 Who most can'st pity what thy self didst feel:
 There's no sound part in all my tortur'd Soul:
 But, *if thou wilt, Lord, thou canst make me whole*.
 See where, to cruel *Thieves*, a helpless prey,
 Wounded and rob'd I'm left upon the way.
 O Good *Samaritan!* my Heart revive
 With Wine; my Wounds some *Balm of Gilead* give.
 Then take me home, lest if I here remain,
 My Foes return, and make thy *Succour* vain.

Aug.

. Aug. de Verb. Dom. Serm. 55. cap. 55.

The whole World, from East to West, lies very sick; but to cure this very sick World, there descends an Omnipotent Physitian, who humbled himself even to the Assumption of a mortal Body, as if he had gone into the Bed of the Diseased.



*Look upon my adversity and mi:
sery, (and forgive me all my sin.
Psal. 25. 27.*

IV.

*Look upon my adversity and misery, and forgive
me all my sin, Psal. xxv. 17.*

C'An all my Suff'rings no Compassion move,
And wou'dst thou yet perswade me thou dost
'Thas oft been said, believe it he that he will ! (love ?
That those who Love, each others torment feel.
Canst thou behold my Grief, and seek no way
For my redress ? True Love brooks no delay.
See what a servile *Yoke* my Neck sustains,
Whose *shame* is more afflicting than its *pains* !
With any task my Soul wou'd be content,
But one whose *Scandal* is a *Punishment*.
Had my Afflictions any parallel,
Taught by *Example*, I shou'd bear them well :
And 'twou'd, amidst my Woes, bring some Relief,
To have *more shoulders* to support the Grief :
For bravest *Heroes* oft have felt the weight
Of their injurious Step-dame *Fortune's* Hate.
Thus our fam'd Martyr, in his Murd'ers stead,
Bow'd to a Rebel Ax His Sacred Head ;

*While His great Son, a Prince of high Renown,
The Heir of His bright Father's Name and Crown ;
In an obscure, ignoble Banishment,
Did His own Fate, and Rebels Guilt prevent.
Sad Instances of Man's uncertain State !*

*Yet 'tis no Crime to be unfortunate :
But my base Slav'ry is alone my blame,
And less to be bewail'd with Tears, than Shame ;
And to a heavier sum my Woes amount,
Since I must place them to my own account.*

*Like captiv'd Sampson I am driv'n about,
The drudge and scorn of an insulting Rout.*

*Around I draw the heavy restless Wheel,
And find my endless Task beginning still :
Within this Circle by strange Magick bound,
I'm still in Motion, yet I gain no Ground.*

*O ! that some usual Labor were injoyn'd,
And not the Tyrant Vice enslav'd my mind !
No weight of Chains cou'd grieve my captive Hands,
Like the loath'd Drudg'ry of its base Commands ;
By this a double misery I contract,
Ev'n I condemn the hated Ills I act.*

*Yet of my Chains I'm not so weary grown,
But that I still am putting others on.
For Sin has always this attending Curse,
To back the first Transgression with a worse ;*

This

This to my sorrow, I too often find !
 Yet no Experience warns my heedless mind.
 Thus *Vice* and *Virtue* do my Soul divide,
 Like a Ship tost between the *Wind* and *Tide*.
Pleasure, the *Bawd* to *Vice*, here draws me in,
There, *Grief*, its *Follow'r*, pulls me back from Sin :
 Yet *Pleasure* oft comes Conqueror from the Field,
 Whilst I to *Vice*, inglorious Homage yield.
 Tho' *Grief* does still with *Vice* in triumph ride,
 Plac'd like a *Slave* by that great *Conqu'r*'r's side.
 Thus *Vice* and *Virtue* have alternate sway,
 While I, with endless labour, *Both* obey :
 And to increase my pains, as if too small,
Thy heavy hand comes in the rear of all,
 And with deep piercing strokes corrects me more,
 For what was punish'd in *it self* before.
Thus guilty Souls in Hell are scourg'd for Sin ;
Their never-ending Pains thus still begin.

Canst thou, *unkind* ! behold my wretched Fate ?
 Canst thou behold, and not Commiserate ?
 Look on, O see if causeless I complain !
 O hold thy Hand, and mitigate my *Pain* !

Aug. in Psal. xxxvi.

*I suppose the World is called a Mill, because it is turn'd
 about on the Wheels of Time, and grinds and cru-
 shes those that most admire it.*

V. Remem-



*Remember I beseech thee, that thou hast
made me as the clay, and wilt thou
bring me into dust againe. Job. 10. 9.*

P. 26.

V.

*Remember, I beseech thee, that thou hast made
me as the Clay, and wilt thou bring me into
Dust again? Job x. 9.*

HAs Providence regard to things below?
Or does it *slight* what it's not *pleas'd* to know?
That the great *Author* of this brittle Frame
Forgets from what *Original* it came?

Ages, to Thee are but as yesterday:
And canst thou, Lord, forget thy humble Clay?
Form'd with a touch, and quickened with a breath;
In one short moment made, and doom'd to death.
If thou hast this forgot, receive from me
The strange relation of the History.
When this great Fabrick of the World was rear'd,
And its Original Nothing disappear'd,
Then, in the close of the Sixth busie day,
Thou with a glance didst the whole Work survey;
And pleas'd with that fair product of thy Pow'r,
Wou'dst copy't o'er again in Miniature;

Then

Then was with all the Art of Heav'n design'd,
 The mortal *Image* of th' immortal *Mind*.
 Blest *Eden* was the place which gave him Birth,
 And as he lightly leapt from Mother Earth,
 Pleas'd Heav'n and Nature smiling greet his rise,
 And bid him welcome into *Paradise*.
 Hard by a silver *Stream* did gently pass,
 Stealing its secret Path along the Grass;
 But soon its head-strong Waves more fiercely hurl'd,
 To view the *New-born* Master of the World:
 Thence in four streams to distant Regions stray,
 And bear the wondrous Tidings wide away.

Here from a Lump of despicable Earth,
Had Man (the less, but Nobler World) his Birth;
The Nobler, since in his small Frame we view
At once the World and its Creator too.

But things of finest texture first decay,
And Heav'n's great Master-piece is brittle Clay;
Ruin'd by that which does its worth advance,
And dash'd to pieces by the least mischance.

This frail, this transitory Thing am I,
Who only live, to learn the way to die;
So soon shall Fate to its first Matter turn,
The curious Structure of this living Urn.
Thus China-Vessels, wrought with Art and Pain,
Are, without either, turn'd to Dust again.

*Such is th' uncertainty of humane state,
Such the destructive haste of necessary Fate!*

Why then, my God, does swift-pac'd Time betray,
What of it self's so subject to decay?
All to the *Grave*, their *Centre*, freely bend,
And *thither*, prest with their own weight, descend;
Fate needs not any hasty vi'lence use,
To *force* a motion, which unurg'd they *chuse*.

Did I the Stars more temper'd matter share,
Till they first fell, I no decay shou'd fear:
Or cou'd I like th'unbody'd *Angels* be,
Like *them*, I'd triumph o'er *Mortality*.
*But I, like Insects, sure, derive my Birth
From some Plebeian, putrifying Earth.*

Why did not Heav'n an Iron temper grant,
Or hew me from a Rock of Adamant?

But how dare I with Heav'n expostulate,
Or blame the frailty of my mortal state?
Nor ought prou'd Clay its Potter e'er upbraid,
Nor scorns he that weak Vessel which he has made.

Rupert. in Jerem. lib. 1. cap. 4.

*Dares the unhappy Clay blaspheme the fingers of its Pot-
ter? How so! because the Potter contracting his fin-
gers, and striking the Vessel with his whole hand, it
is violently dash'd to pieces.*

VI. *I have*



*I have sinned, what shall I do unto
thee, O thou preserver of men, why
hast thou set me as a mark against thee.*

Job. 7. 20.

P. 30.

VI.

I have sinned, what shall I do unto thee, O thou Preserver of Men? Why hast thou set me as a Mark against thee? Job vii. 20.

Tis just, nor will I longer hide my shame,
But own my self egregiously to blame:
My Sins to such a mighty sum amount,
That hope of Pardon wou'd increase th' account;
And the black Cat'logue of their unwip'd score,
Calls for more Plagues than Vengeance has in store;

I own it, Lord, nor just *Dissemble* fear;
Since *publick Rumour* I ought to bear.
Here, at thy Feet, I humbly prostrate bow,
And beg my Sentence from thy Mouth to know.
Shall my own Hand thy dread Revenge prevent,
And make my self my own sad Monument?
Shall I with Gifts thy loaden Altar crown,
Or sacrifice the Beast, my self, thereon?
(*Tho' sure my Blood wou'd that best place prophane,*
And give what it shou'd cleanse a fouler stain.)

All

All this, and more, if possible to do,
 Wou'd fall far short to pay the Debt I owe.
 But thou art not severe, nor hard to please,
 Whom Blood and Slaughter only can appease :
 Thy Sword thy *conquer'd Foe* has often spar'd,
 And thence the best, the noblest Trophies rear'd.
 No tyrant Passion rages in thy Breast,
 But the meak *Dove* builds there her peaceful Nest ;
 Kind Guardian of the World ! our Help, our Aid,
 To whom the Vows of all Mankind are made :
 Who when thou wou'dst thy height of Anger show,
 A sudden Calm unbends thy threatening brow ;
 How kindly dost thou raise the prostrate Foe,
 With the same hand that shou'd have struck the blow !

Wou'dst thou permit—But oh ! what Eloquence
 Can with success appear in my defence ?
 Yet let me, Lord, plead for *my self*, and *Thee*,
 Lest ev'n *thy Cause*, as *mine*, may injur'd be.
 Lord, I confess *I've sinn'd*, but not *alone* ;
 Wilt thou impute a *common Guilt* to *One* ?
 Thy bare-fac'd Rebels still unpunish'd go,
 As if thou mindedst nothing here below.
 Unplagu'd, *like other Men*, the brutish *Swine*,
 Wallow i'th' fowl excess of Lust and Wine :

Yet dost thou stop thy *Arrows* on the string,
 Arrest thy brandish'd *Thunder* on the Wing;
 Sheath thy *red Sword*, just lifted for the blow,
 And in its room mild *Olive-branches* show.
But ev'ry slip, each inadvertencie,
Is magnify'd to'insuff'rable in me.
I am the Mark of ev'ry wounding stroke,
As if I only did thy wrath provoke.
This I confess, All I, alas! can do:
O hear my Pray'r, with my Confession too!
Accept the good Effects of an ill Cause,
And pardon Sin, that gains thee most applause.
 " Forgive me, Conqu'ror! since thou must confess,
 " Had I not Err'd, thy Glory had been less.

Greg. in 7 cap. Job, lib. 8. cap. 23.

Then God sets Man as a mark against him, when
Man by sinning has forsaken God: But our just
Creator set him as a mark against him; because
he thought him his Enemy by his naughtiness.



*Wherefore hidest thou thy face,
and holdest me for thine enemy.
Job. 13. 24.*

VII.

*Wherefore hidest thou thy Face, and holdest
me for thine Enemy? Job xiiij. 24.*

IS't my great *Error*, or thy small *Respect*,
That I am treated with this cold *neglect*?
I thought thy frowns were but *dissembled heat*,
And all thy threatning looks an *amorous cheat*.
As tender Mothers draw the Breast away,
To urge their pretty Innocents to play;
Or as the Nurse seems to *deny* a Kiss,
To make the fonder suppliant *steal* the Bliss:
• So I believ'd thou didst abscond, and flee
Only to make me faster follow thee.
But now, (alas!) 'tis *earnest* all, I find,
And not *pretended* Anger, but *design'd*:
My kind Embrace you coldly entertain,
As if we never shou'd be Friends again:
And with such eager haste my presence shun,
As Men from *Monsters* or *Infection* run;
As if my looks wou'd turn you into Stone:
But fear not that, the work's already done;

So cold you are, so senseless of my smart,
 Some Magick sure has petrify'd your Heart.
 O let me know what Crime I must deplore,
 That lets me see your *dear-lov'd Face* no more !
 Ah ! why that Face must I no longer see,
 Which ne'er, till now, once lookt unkind on me ?
 Sure you believe there's Poyson in my Breath,
 Or that my Eyes dart unavoided Death.
 Prevent the danger with thy conqu'ring Eye,
 Unsheath its Rays, and let th' Offender die :
 Or else discharge a frown, and strike me dead,
 For more than Death I your Displeasure dread.
 Your Eyes are *all* I wish, let *them* be mine,
 The *Sun*, unmist by me, may cease to shine :
 Fair *Cynthia's* beauteous Eyes, I can contemn,
 Tho' all the Lamps of Night fetch Beams from them :
 But if, my Life, my Soul, thou *Thine* deny,
 Heart-broke, in darkness and despair I dye.
 And if thy very *Absence* cause such pain,
 Guess what my Torment is to *Love*, but *Love in vain* !

Amb. Apolog. pro David.

If any of our Servants offend us, we are wont not to look upon them: If this be thought a Punishment among Men, how much more with God? For you see that God turned away his Face from the Offering of Cain.



*That my Head were Waters, and
 mine Eyes a fountain of Tears, that I
 might weep day and night. Jer. g. 1.*

P. 38.

VIII.

O that my Head were Waters, and mine Eyes a Fountain of Tears, that I might weep Day and Night ! Jer. ix. 1.

OH ! that my Head were one vast source of Tears,
 With bubbling *Streams* as num'rous as my *Hairs* !
 My Face a Plain, which briny Floods should drown,
 And scorning banks, come proudly rolling down.
That Grief with inexhaustible supplies,
Wou'd fill the Cisterns of my flowing Eyes !
Till the fierce Torrents which those Springs impart
Flow down my Breast, and stagnate round my Heart.

Not all the Tears the Royal *Psalmist* shed,
 With which his Couch was wash'd, himself was fed ;
 Nor *those* which once the weeping *Mary* pour'd,
 On the dear Feet of her *forgiving Lord* ;
 Nor *those* which drown'd the great *Apostle's* Breast,
 Whose boasted *Zeal* shrunk at th' affrighting *Test* ;
 Nor these, nor more than these, can e'er suffice,
 To cleanse the stains of my *Impieties*.

Give me the undiscover'd source of *Nile*,
 That with sev'n Streams o'erflows th' *Egyptian Soil* ;
 Or, Noah ! let thy *Deluge* be renew'd,
 Till I am drown'd in the impetuous *Flood* ;
 Till *Tow'rs*, and *Trees*, and *Hills* appear no more ;
 All one vast *Desart Sea*, without a *Shore*.

O that these *Fountains* wou'd their *Course* begin,
 And flow as fast as I made haste to *Sin* !
 The weeping *Limbecks* never shou'd give o're,
 Till their last drop had empty'd all their store.
 Happy ye *Fountains* which for ever flow,
 Whose endless *Streams* no *Drouth* or *Summer* know.
 O that my *Eyes* had all the *Drops* which fell
 From this fair *Spring*, or that eternal *Well* !
 How do I grudge the *Clouds* their envy'd *Rain* !
 How wish the boundless *Treasures* of the *Main* !
 Then shou'd my *Tears*, like that, just motion keep,
 And I shou'd take a strange delight to weep.
 Nor the swift current of my *Grief* forbid,
 Till in the *Waves* this little *World* were hid ;
 Hid, as the neighb'ring *Valleys* are o'respread,
 When the warm *Sun* melts *Pindus* snowy head,
 The great *Assyrian*, found in *Jordan's Seas*,
 A happy *Med'cine* for his foul *Disease* ;

But

*But what kind Torrent will my Cure begin,
And cleanse my filthier Leprosie of Sin?*

*See ! from my Saviour's side a stream of Blood !
I'll bath my self in that Redeeming Flood :
That healing Torrent was on purpose spilt,
To wash my Stains, and expiate all my Guilt.
That ever-flowing Ocean will suffice
For the defect of my exhausted Eyes.*

Hieron. in Jerem. cap. 9.

*If I were all dissolv'd to Tears, and those not
only some few drops, but an Ocean or a
Deluge, I should never weep enough.*



*The Pains of Hell came about
me, the Snares of Death overtook
me. (Psal: 18. 4)*

IX.

*The pains of Hell came about me: The snares
of Death overtook me, Psal. xviii. 4.*

WHile in this sad Distress my self I view,
Methinks I make that Heathen Fable true ;
Of him whose bleeding mangled Carcass lay,
To his own Hounds expos'd a helpless Prey.
Long I the Pleasures of the *Wood* pursu'd,
Till, like its Beasts, my self grew wild and rude ;
I hop'd with *Hunting* to divert my Care,
But almost fell my self into the Snare.

Yet to *those Woods* (alas !) I did not go,
Whose inn'cent Sports give *Health* and *Pleasure* too.
I spread no Toils to take the tim'rous *Deer*,
Nor aim'd my Javlin at the rugged *Bear*.
Happy, had I my Time so well imploy'd,
Nor had I been by my own *Game* destroy'd :
I had not then mis-pent my Youthful Days,
Nor torn my Flesh among sharp Thorny ways.

But

But I (alas!) still ply'd the sparkling *Wine*,
 That poyſ'nous Juice of the pernicious *Vine*;
 And this expos'd me to *Love's* fatal Dart,
 The false betray'r of my unguarded Heart :
 Thou *Love*, haſt thy ſly Nets, and ſubtle Charms ;
 Nor are thy Bow and Dart thy only Arms.
 And treacherous *Wine* does fatal Weapons bear ;
 The *Glaſs* is more deſtructive than the *Spear*.
 Thus *Sampſon*, by his *Dalila* betray'd,
 Was *Hers*, and then his *En'mies* Captive made :
 Thus, when too freely Noah had us'd the *Vine*,
 He who eſcap'd the Flood, lay drown'd in *Wine*.

Thus *Love*, by me purſu'd (alas!) too faſt,
 Seiz'd my loſt Soul, and prey'd on me at laſt ;
 Within whoſe cloſe incircling Toils beſet,
 I ſeem'd a Beaſt juſt fall'n into the Net :
 Deſtroy'd by what my Inclination ſought,
 As *Birds* by their frequented *Lime-twigs* caught ;
 For Death around, its ſubtle Nets does ſpread,
 Fine as the texture of the Spiders Web :
 And as *perdue* that watchful Robber lies,
 His buzzing Prey the better to ſurprize ;
 But, taught by Motion when the Booty's nigh,
 Leaps out, and ſeizes the entangled Fly :

Or as a Fowler, with his hidden Snare,
 Contrives t'entrap the Racers of the Air;
 While to *conceal* and *further* the Deceit,
 He strows the Ground with his destructive Meat;
 And fastens Birds of the same kind, to Sing,
 And weakly flutter on their captive Wing:
 So *Death* the Wretch into his Snare *devoys*,
 And with pretended Happiness destroys:
 Above the Nets we think a leap to take,
 But head-long drop into th' infernal Lake.

Amb. lib. 4. in cap. 4. Lucæ.

The reward of Honours, the height of Power, the delicacy of Diet, and the beauty of an Harlot, are the snares of the Devil.

Idem, de bono mortis.

*Whilst thou seekest Pleasures, thou runnest into Snares;
 for the Eye of the Harlot is the Snare of the Adulterer.*

X. Enter



*Enter not into Judgment with
thy Servant; O Lord. Psal. 143. 2.*

P. 46.

X.

*Enter not into Judgment with thy Servant,
O Lord, Psal. cxliij. 2.*

THE *Master's* Gains to a small Sum amount,
That calls his *Servant* to a strict Account ;
And tho' the *Servant* has not wrong'd his Trust,
Where's the Applause of being only *Just* ?

Vainly the *Master* does a *Suit* begin,
To gain a Vict'ry he must Blush to win :

And if I'm over guilty made, no doubt

I must go seek some other *Master* out.

Believe me, *Lord*, to be Severe with me,

Will wrong thee more than my *Offending* thee.

I am so much too mean for thy Regard,

'Twill lessen thee to mind how I have Err'd.

What ! must thy *Registries* the *pleadings* show,

Sworn with the Hist'ry of my *Overthrow* ?

Or can I hope my *Cause* shou'd *Thine* out-do,

Where Thou sit'st *Judge*, that art the *Plaintiff* too ?

What Eloquence can Plead with such success,

To free the Wretch that does his Debt confess ?

Alas !

Alas ! what *Advocate* best read in Laws,
 Can *weaken Thine*, or *re-inforce my Cause* ?
 Ah ! not too strictly my *Accounts* survey,
 Nor for *Abatements* let me vainly pray.
 Both Heav'n and Earth thy boundless Mercy know,
 To *Pardon*, *easy* ; and to *Punish*, *slow* :
Ev'n when our Crimes pull thy just Vengeance down,
'Tis rather Grief, than Anger, makes thee frown :
 And when thou dost our Punishment decree,
 Thou seest our Stripes with more Concern than *we* ;
 And dost Chastise us at so mild a rate,
 That what we bear, we scarce wou'd deprecate :
 And tho' our selves we had the Judges been,
 We hardly shou'd have lightlier touch'd our Sin.
 But tho' this *Character* is *All* thy due,
 Let me thy *lightest Censures* undergo ;
 For tho' thy *Mercy* does no Limits know,
 Thy *Justice* must have *Satisfaction* too.
 These *Attributes* in equal Ballance lye,
 And *neither* must the *Others* Right deny.
 No melting Passion can affect thy Breast,
 Nor soft Intreaties Charm thy Hand to rest :
 Nor baffled *Eloquence* dares here engage,
 But wants it self some happier Patronage.
 No *Fee*, no *Bribe*, no *Trick* in all the Laws,
 Can e'er prevail to carry such a Cause.

'Tis vain with *Thee*, Lord, to commence a Suit,
 Whose awful presence strikes all *Pleaders* mute.
 No *other Judge* so terrible can be,
 To make me fear *his strictest Scrutiny*;
 But *Thy Tribunal*, Lord, with dread I view,
 Where thou art *Plaintiff, Judge, and Witness* too;
 Where, when my *Sentence* from Thy Mouth is come,
 No *Plea* can urge Thee to *reverse* the Doom.
 How this dread place augments the Guilty's fear,
 Where so much *awe* and *gravity* appear!
 Ev'n *He* whose Reas'ning did this *Truth* assert,
 And shot a trembling into *Felix Heart*;
 Who did not his *own Judgment-Seat* decline,
 Cou'd without trembling never think of *Thine*.
 And *Wisdom's famous Oracle* denies
 The purest Soul unblemish'd in Thy Eyes;
 Whose pious Father (*after thine own heart*)
 Declares *Thy Wrath* the best of Man's desert.
 And *Job* assures us, that the *Stars*, whose Light
 Cheers with kind infl'ence our admiring sight,
 Tho' glorious all in our dim Eyes they shine,
 Are only small *Opacons Orbs* in thine.
 How then can *weaker Beams* support that weight,
 Which shook *these Pillars* with such strange affright?
 Or how can humble *Hyssop* keep its Wall,
 When *Libanus's* stateliest *Cedars* fall?

When I behold my large unblotted Score,
 And think what Plagues thy Vengeance has in store;
 An icy Horror chills my freezing Blood,
 And stops the active Motion of its Flood.

*As some pale Captive, when condemn'd to Death,
 Loath to resign, ev'n his last gasp of Breath,
 Beholds, with an intent and steady Eye,
 The dreadful Instrument of Fate rais'd high:
 Yet still unwilling from this World to go,
 Shuns with a Start the disappointed Blow:
 So, when I see thy Book, in which are writ
 All the black Crimes I rashly did commit,
 Amaz'd, I fly thy Bar; ———
 For how can Sinners that strict Place abide,
 Where ev'n the Righteous scarce are justify'd?*

Bernard.

Bernard. Serm. 6. super, *Beati qui*, &c.

*What can be thought so fearful, what so full of
Trouble and Anxiety, as to stand to be judged
at such a Tribunal, and to expect an uncer-
tain Sentence from such a Judge ?*



*Let not the water-flood drown me
neither let the deep swallow me up.
Psal. 69. 16.*

XI.

*Let not the Water-flood drown me : Neither let
the Deep swallow me up, Psal. lxxix. 16.*

UNconstant Motion of the restless Sea,
Whose treach'rous Waves the Sailors hopes betray!
So Calm sometimes, so Shining they appear,
No polish'd Crystal is more smooth or clear.
Sometimes they seem still as a standing Lake,
Whose modest Pools no stir, or motion make.
Sometimes the Waves, rais'd by a gentle breeze,
Curl their green Heads, the wand'ring Sight to please;
Then, in soft measures, round the Vessels dance,
And to the Musick of their Shrouds advance.
While thou, kind Sea, their Burthen dost sustain,
Ev'n while their Beaks plough Furrows on the Main:
Safe on thy yielding back each Vessel rides,
Tho' its rude Oars lash to a foam thy sides.
The groaning Earth scarce weightier Burthens feels
From heavy loaden Carts with I'rn-bound Wheels:
And that none may suspect thou wilt betray,
Thy Crystal Waves their Rocky Breasts display,

As if no *Treach'ry* cou'd be harbour'd there,
Where such fair *Shows of Honesty* appear.

But when the *Anchor's* weigh'd, the *Sails* atrip,
And a *kind Gale* bears on the floating Ship,
Soon as the Land can be perceiv'd no more,
And all Relief is distant as the Shoar,
Then the *rough Winds* their boist'rous Gusts discharge,
And all at once assault the helpless Barge.
Just as the furious *Lybian* Lions rave,
When eager to devour a Sentenc'd Slave ;
Or as a Crew of sturdy Thieves prepare
To seize and plunder some lone Traveller ;
Then the insulting Billows proudly rise,
And menace, with their lofty tops, the Skies :
Whilst the discolour'd Waters hide their head,
So much th' approaching Tempest's rage they dread.
And when each jarring Wind insults and raves,
And altogether hover o're the Waves ;
Short broken Seas ev'n from themselves are torn,
And different ways each crowding Billow born.
[All black below, above all foamy-white ;
A horrid Darknes mixt with dreadful Light ;
Here long, long Hills, roll far, and wide away ;
There abrupt Vales fright back th' intruding Day.]

Here

Here a vast Gulph of Ruin opens wide,
 And the Ship's swallowed in the rapid Tide ;
 Or if born on a *Tenth unlucky Wave*,
 The breaking bubble proves its watry Grave.
 Thus the false Ocean treach'rously beguiles,
 And thus in *Frowns* end its *deceitful Smiles*.

But I suspected not th' unfaithful Main,
 Nor did of its inconstancy complain ;
 I ne'er the fury of the *Winds* did blame,
 Nor on the *Tempests* boisterous Rage exclaim ;
 (Which twists the furly Billows, till they rise,
 And foaming-mad, attack the lowring Skies ;)
 Nor Curst the hardy Wretch that led the way,
 And taught the World to perish in the Sea.
 My Vessel ne'er lanch'd from my Native Shoar,
 Nor did the Navigator's Art explore.
 I study'd not the Chard, nor gave my mind
 To learn to tack and catch the veering Wind.
 Too soon these Artists of their Skill repent,
 And *Perish* by the Arts they did invent.
 My *Life's* the *Sea*, whose treach'ry I declare,
 My *Self* the *Vessel* Toss'd and Shipwrack'd *there*,
 All the loud *Storms* of the insulting *Wind*,
 Are restless *Passions* of my troubled *Mind*.

Thus harraſt in this fluctuating State,
I paſs thro' ſtrange *Viciſſitudes* of Fate.

Deceitful Life ! whoſe falſe Serenity
Chang'd in a moment, ends in Miſery !
Thou want'ſt no *sweet Allurements* to betray ;
Thy Beauty ever Charming, ever Gay ;
While Love and Luſt wrack the Diſtracted Mind,
No dang'rous Sands, no Rocks, or Shores we find ;
But when a *Tide of Crimes* breaks fiercely in,
And beats the Soul on fatal *Shelves of Sin* ;
Then, ah too late ! the diſmal Gulph it ſpies,
In which 'tis plung'd, and ſunk by treach'rous Vice.

Oh ! that, at leaſt like wretched drowning Men,
Theſe *ſinking Souls* wou'd riſe and float agen !
That, while their groſſer Parts do *downward* move,
Their *pure Devotion* wou'd remain *above* !
But, juſt as Men to whom Earth's gaping Womb
Becomes at once their *Murth'rer* and their *Tomb* ;
Or as the Wretch beneath ſome falling Rock,
At once is Kill'd and Bury'd with the ſtroke ;
Or thoſe to whom deceitful Ice gives way,
In vain wou'd riſe agen to diſtant Day :
So fare the Men by Sins *ſwift Current* born,
Thoughtleſs of Heav'n, by Heav'n th' are left forlorn.

See,

See, Lord, how I with *Wind* and *Tide* engage,
 While on each Hand unequal War they wage !
 See how my Head is bow'd unto the Grave,
 While I am forc'd to court the drowning Wave !
 Seest thou my Soul lost in a double Death,
 And wilt thou not reprove my flitting Breath ?
 Behold, O Lord ! behold, and Pity me,
 And leave me not to Perish in the Sea :
 O hold me up by thy Almighty Hand,
 And I shall quickly reach the wish'd-for Land.
 Be thou my *Pylot*, and my Motion guide,
 Then I shall swim in spight of *Wind* and *Tide*.

Ambros. Apolog. pro David. cap. 3.

*The multitude of our Lusts raise a mighty Tempest,
 which so tosses them that sail in the Ocean of the
 Body, that the Mind cannot be its own Pylot.*



*Oh! that thou would'st hide me in the
Grave! that thou would'st keep me Se-
cret until thy wrath^{be} past! Job. 14. 13.*

XII.

*Oh, that thou would'st hide me in the Grave !
that thou would'st keep me secret, until thy
Wrath be past ! Job xiv. 13.*

WHO, who will grant me a secure retreat,
Where I may shun thy furies scorching heat ?
Whose piercing Flames whene'er I call to mind,
I fear I can no safe Concealment find :
Then I desire the covert of the *Wood* (Food :
And *Caves*, whence Beasts are rang'd to seek their
Then in *Earth's* Womb wou'd hide my fearful Head,
Or in some Sea-worn Rock compose my Bed :
In billy *Caverns* then my Self I'd save,
Or fly for Refuge to the silent *Grave* :
Or far remote from the fair Orbs of Light,
Wou'd in thick *Darkness* dwell, and endless Night,

When the loud Thunder rous'd along the Sky,
Men to the Lawrels shelter trembling fly :
In vain (alas !) they hope *Protection* thence,
The helpless Tree proves not its own *Defence* ;

Much

*Much less can that a place of Refuge be
From an All-seeing angry Deity.*

Thy Eyes the closest *Solitudes* invade,
And pierce and pry into the darkest Shade.
The Wretch who took his Ruin from a *Tree*,
In vain with *Leaves* wou'd hide his Shame from *Thee* :
For while to shun thy Presence he assay'd,
Ev'n his *Abconding* his *Offence* betray'd.
In vain (alas!) to Caves and Dens we run,
We carry with us what we cannot shun.
The Den that did the *Hebrew* Captive save,
When *He* was freed, prov'd his *Accuser's* Grave :
Nor was *Lot's* Incest hidden in his Cave. }
As much in vain we court the Earths dark Womb,
And fly for shelter to the silent Tomb :
Vengeance, ev'n *thievery*, will our *Flight* pursue,
And rise to punish those Black Ills we do.
Thus vainly *Cain* stopt Righteous *Abel's* Breath,
The *mouth* of Blood was opened by his Death.
As vainly *Jonas* in the *Sea* conceal'd
His faithless *Flight*, ev'n by the *Sea* reveal'd :
His *living Tomb* obey'd Heav'n's great Command,
And cast him back to the forsaken Land.
A brittle *Faith* is all the glassy *Sea* can boast (most.
Transparent Waves betray what they shou'd cover
Nor

Nor can we hope Concealment in a Tomb,
That casts our Bones from its o'er-burthen'd Womb.
 In Rocks and Caves we must no Trust repose,
 For *their own sound* the Secret will disclose.
 And Leaves, and Trees themselves, alike will fade,
 And then *Expose* what they were meant to *Shade*.
 Nor *Sea*, nor *Land*, nor *Cave*, nor *Den*, nor *Wood*,
 Nor *Stars*, nor *Heav'n it self* can do me good :
Thou, Lord, alone canst hide my fearful Head,
 Where I no *Veng'ance*, nor ev'n *Thine*, can dread.
 Whilst Thy kind *Hand* aside thy Thunder lays,
Stretch'd out, Disarm'd, a suppliant Wretch to raise.

Amb. in Jerem. cap 9.

*Whither, O Adam ! have thy Transgressions led thee,
 that thou shunn'st thy God, whom before thou
 sought'st ? That Fear betrays thy Crime, that Flight
 thy Prevarication.*



*Are not my days few, cease then
and let me alone that I may bewail
my self a little. Job. ix. 26.*

P. 62.

XIII.

*Are not my Days few ? Cease then, and let me
alone, that I may bewail my self a little.
Job x. 20.*

MUST a *few Minutes* added to my Days
Be thought a favour passing *Thanks* or *Praise* ?
Ages, indeed, might well deserve *that Name*,
And render my *Ingratitude* to Blame :
But, the increase of a *few Days* to come,
How little *adds* it to the *slender Sum* ?
As well the *Infant* that but treads the Stage,
Is said to leave it in a *good Old Age*.
As well poor *Insects* may be said to live,
To whom their *Birth-day* does their *Fun'ral* give.

So fading *Flow'rs* their hasty *Minutes* count,
Whose *longest Life* scarce to *one Day* amount.
Flow'rs, in the Morning *Boys*, at Noon-tide *Men*,
At Night, with Age, *feeble as Boys* again.
Thus in one short-liv'd Day they *Bloom and Die*,
And all the difference of *our Ages* try.

Wou'd

Wou'd *Time's* o'er-hasty Wheels their Motion stay,
 And the swift Hours not pass so swift away,
 The *Insects* then might lengthen too their Song,
 And the *Flow'rs* boast *their Day had been so long.*
 But Time is ever hastning to be gone,
 And, like a *Stream*, the *Year* glides swiftly on.
 Successive *Months* closely each other Trace,
 And meet the *Sun* along his *Annual Race*, (pace. }
 While short-liv'd *Days*, then either, march a swifter }
 The harvest *Hours* are pressing forward still,
 And, *once gone by*, are irretrievable.
 " Thus envious Time loves on it self to prey,
 " And still thro' its own Entrails eats its way.
 It self pursues, it self it ever flies,
 And on it self it ever Lives and Dies.
 So wasting Lamps by their own Flames Expire,
 And kindle at themselves their Fun'ral Fire.
 Thus its own Course the Circling Year pursues,
 Till like the *Wheels* on which 'tis mov'd it grows,

This Truth the *Ancients* weightily Express,
 Who made the *Father* on his Off-spring Feast :
 For *Time* on *Months* and *Years*, its Children, feeds,
 And kills with *Motion*, what its *Motion* breeds.
Hours waste their *Days*, the *Days* their *Months* consume,
 And the rapacious *Months* their *Years* Entomb.

Thus

Thus *Years, Months, Days, and Hours*, still keep their
Till all in vast *Eternity* are drown'd. (round,

Then, Lord, allow my *Grief* some little space,
To mourn the *shortness* of my hasty Race :
I wish not time for *Laughter* ; if I did,
My *Circumstances* and the *Place* forbid.
All I desire, is time for *Grief* and *Tears*,
Let that be all th' Addition to my *Years* :
Which, tho' but short, yet have been full of Sin,
More than my Time was to Repent it in.
Yet if thou grant'st me some few *Minutes* more,
They'll make amends for my *short Days* before.
Come then, my cruel *Hands*, and without Rest
Or Pity, beat my hard, my senseless *Breast* !
Drop then, my *Eyes*, you cannot flow too fast ;
While you delay, what precious *Time* is past ?
'Tis done ! my *Tears* have a prevailing force,
And Heav'n appeas'd, now stop their eager *Course*.

Hieron. ad Paulam, Epist. 12.

When Man first sinn'd, he chang'd Eternity for Mortality. Nine hundred Years, or thereabouts : But Sin increasing by degrees, Man's Life was contracted to a very short space.



Oh! that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end. Deut. 32. 29.

XIV.

*Oh ! that they were wise, that they understood
this, that they would consider their latter end,
Deut. xxxij. 29.*

SHAME on besotted Man, whose baffled Mind
Is to all Dangers, but the *present*, Blind !
Whose Thoughts are all imploy'd on *Mischiefs near*,
But *ills remote*, never *fore-see*, or *fear*.
The *Soldier* is prepar'd before th' Alarm,
The Signal giv'n 'twou'd be too late to Arm.
The *Pylot's* fore-sight waits each distant Blast,
And loses no *Advantage* in his haste.
Th' industrious *Hind* Manures and Sows the Field,
Which he expects a plenteous Crop should yield :
The lab'ring *Ant* in *Summer* stores at home
Provision e're old *Age* and *Winter* come.
But, oh ! what means Man's stupid Negligence,
That of the *future* has no Care or Sense ?
Does he expect *Eternity* below,
A Life that shall no *Alteration* know ?
He's much abus'd ; inevitable *Death*,
Tho' it *delays*, will *one Day* stop his Breath :

Vain are the hopes the firmest Leagues produce,
 That Tyrant keeps no *Faith*, regards no *Truce* :
 He does not to the Peace he makes incline,
 To *take Advantage* is his whole Design :
 To him *Alliance* is an empty Name,
 He does all *Int'rests*, but his *Own*, Disclaim. }
 Sooner the Ice or Snow shall mix with Flame ; }
 Sooner the faithless Winds and Waves agree. }
 And Night and Day, and Lambs for safety flee }
 To bloody Wolves, than that make Peace with Thee: }
 Fiercely the greedy Spoiler strikes at *all*,
 A Prey for his insatiate Jaws too small :
 He tears ev'n *tender Infants* from the Breast,
And wraps them in a Shroud, e're for the Cradle drest.
 Nor *Sex* nor *Age* the grim Destroyer spares,
 Unmov'd alike by *Innocence* and *Tears*.
 Here sprightly Youth, there hoary bending Age
 Sweet Boys, and blooming Virgins glut his Rage.
 Like *common Soldiers*, *chief Commanders* Die,
 And like *Commanders*, *common Soldiers* lie.
 No shining Dust appears in *Cæsus* Urn,
 Tho' all he touch'd he seem'd to Gold to turn.
 Nor boasts fair *Rachel's Face* that Beauty here,
 For which the *Patriarch* serv'd his twice-sev'n year, }
 And never thought the pleasing Purchase dear. }

*Ev'n Dives here from Laz'rus is not known,
 For now One's Purple, th' Other's Rags are gone.
 Each has no Mansion but his narrow Cell,
 Equal in Colour, and alike in Smell.
 Why then shou'd Man of such vain Treasure boast,
 So difficultly gain'd so quickly lost ?
 For, late or early, all resign their Breath,
 And bend, pale Victims to their Conqu'ror Death :
 Each Sex, each Age, Profession, and Degree,
 Moves tow'rs this Centre of Humanity.*

*But did they not a farther Journey go,
 And that to Die were all they had to do ;
 Cou'd but their Souls dissolve as fast away,
 As their corrupting Carcasses decay ;
 They'd covet Death to end their present Cares,
 And for prevention of their future Fears,
 They'd to the Grave, as an Asylum run,
 And court the Stroke which now they wish to shun :
 But Death (alas !) ends not their Miseries,
 The Soul's Immortal, tho' the Body Dies.
 Which, soon as from its Pris'n of Clay enlarg'd,
 At Heav'n's Tribunal's sentenc'd or discharg'd.
 Before an awful Pow'r, just and severe,
 Round whose bright Head consuming Flames appear ;*

The shackled Captive, dazled at his Sight,
 Dejected stands, and shakes with wild Affright,
 While, with strict Scrutiny, the Judge surveys
 Its Heart, and close *Impieties* displays.
 The Wretch *convicted*, does its Guilt *confess*,
 Nor hopes for *Mercy*, for *Concealment* less;
 While *He*, th' *Accuser*, *Judge*, and *Witness* too,
 Damns it to an *Eternity of Woe*;
 Where, since no hope of an *Appeal* appears,
 'Twou'd fain dissolve and drown it self in Tears.

What Terrors then seize the forsaken Soul,
 That finds no *Patron* for a *Cause* so foul?
 Then it implores some *Mountain* to prevent,
 By a kind Crush, its *Shame* and *Punishment*.

O wretched *Soul*, just *Judge*, hard *Sentence* too!
 What harden'd Wretch dares Sin, that thinks on *You*?
 Yet here, (alas!) ends not the fatal Grief,
 There is another *Death*, another *Life*.
 A Life as boundless as *Eternity*;
 A *Death* whence shall no *Resurrection* be.
 What *Hell* of Torments shall in *This* be found?
 With what a *Heav'n* of Joys shall *That* abound?
Here rich Cælestial Nectar treats the Soul;
There Fire and Brimstone crowns the flaming *Bowl*:
That,

That, fill'd with Musick of th' Angelick Quire,
 Shall each blest Soul with Extasies inspire ;
 While *This* disturb'd, at ev'ry hideous yell,
 Shall in the Damn'd raise a new dread of Hell :
That knows no sharp Excess of Cold or Heat,
 In *This* the Wretches always Freeze or Sweat.
There reign *Eternal Rest*, and *soft Repose* ;
Here, painful Toil no end or measure knows.
That, void of Grief, does nought Afflictive see ;
This, still Disturb'd, from Troubles never free.
 O happy *Life* ! O vast unequal'd *Bliss* !
 O *Death* accur'd ! O endless *Miseries* !
 For *that* or *this* must be the doubtful cast,
 Nor may we throw agen when once 'tis past.
 Be wise then, Man, nor will thy Care be vain,
 To shun the *Mis'ry*, and the *Bliss* obtain ; (gain.
 Give Heav'n thy *Heart*, if thou its *Crown* wou'dst }

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 3.

*What more lamentable and more dreadful can be
 thought of, than that terrible Sentence, Go ? What
 more delightful, than that pleasing Invitation,
 Come ? They are two Words, of which nothing can
 be heard more affrighting than the One, nothing
 more rejoycing than the Other.*



*My life is waxen old with heaviness,
and my years with mourning. Psal. 31. 11*

P. 72.

XV.

*My Life is waxen Old with Heaviness, and my
Tears with Mourning, Psal. xxxj. 11.*

WHat *lowring Star* rul'd my unhappy Birth,
And banish'd thence all days of *Ease & Mirth*?
While Expectation still deludes my Mind,
Pleas'd with vain Hope some *smiling Hour* to find:
But still that *smiling Hour* forbears to come,
And sends a row of Mourners in its room.
I hop'd alternate Courses in each Day,
And that the *soul* to *fairer* wou'd give way:
And as the Sun dispels the Clouds of Night,
When he to Heav'n restores his welcom Light;
Or as the Moon's kind Infl'ence brings again
The rising Motion of the Low-ebb'd Main:
So I, with unsuccessful *Angury*,
Presag'd things *so as I wou'd have them be*:
But, oh! my Grief exceeds in length and *sum*
The Widow's Tribute at her Husband's Tomb:
She, when the Author of her Joy is gone,
Is twice-six Months confin'd to Mourn alone;

Yet

Yet the last half she does not, as before,
 Hide her smooth Fore-head in a close *Bendore*.
 But *all my Tears* are in deep *Mourning* spent,
 There's not a *Month*, not *one short Day* exempt.
 No Rules give *Bounds* or *Measure* to my Woes,
 But *their Increase*, like the feign'd *Hydra's* grows.
 My Life so much in Sighs and Tears is spent,
 It minds *that least*, for which 'twas *chiefly meant*.

'Tis true, Storms often make the Ocean swell;
 But the *most violent* are *shortest* still;
 For when with eager *Fury* they engage,
 They lose themselves in their excess of *Rage*.
 And when their *Winter-blasts* Disrobe the Wood,
 Their *Summer-airs* make all the *Trespas* good:
 If the rough North doth his black Wings display
 When once he's gone, far lovelier grows the Day.
 But Grief does all my hapless Years imploy,
 Nor grants me one *Parenthesis* of Joy.
 My Musick is in *Sighs* and *Groans* exprest,
 With my own Hands extorted from my Breast:
 This *sad Diversion* is my sole Delight,
 My Musick this by Day, my Song by Night.
 How oft' have Sighs, while I my Words confin'd,
 Broke Prison, and betray'd my troubled Mind?

How oft' have I in Tears consum'd the Day,
 And in Complaints pass'd the long Night away !
 Oft' you, my Friends, did my wild Griefs condemn,
 And I as oft' assay'd to stifle them :
 Let loose the Reigns to Mirth, you always cry'd ;
 To loose the Reigns, (alas !) in vain I try'd :
 For when with Laughter I a Sigh suppress,
 It rais'd a fatal Conflict in my Breast ;
 And if I wish for Sleep to close my Eyes,
 Still a fresh Show'r that envy'd Bliss denies ;
 Then if I stop its Course, impetuous grown,
 'Twill force its way, and bear the Sluces down.
 Each Brook, whose Stream my Tears have made to rise ;
 Each shady Grove, fill'd with my Mournful Cries ;
 Each lonely Vale, and ev'ry conscious Hill,
 The kind Repeaters of my Sorrows still ;
 These know the Troubles which I wish'd conceal'd
 Were by loud Throbbings of my Heart reveal'd ;
 From senseless Woods my Sorrows Pity found,
 The Ecchoes oft' repeat the Mournful sound.
 My secret Moans they vented o're again ;
 By turns we Wept, and did by turns Complain.

So, mov'd by 'her Sister's lamentable Note,
 Sad *Philomel* unlocks her mournful Throat,

As if the *emulous Rivals* were at Strife
 Whose Tongue shou'd best express the height of Grief.
 The *widow'd Turtle* so bewails her Mate,
 With *Grief unalterable*, as *his Fate*.
 And so the Stars have my sad Life design'd,
 That not one Minute shou'd be *fair or kind*.

And that my Sorrows may not find Relief,
 By wanting *new Occasions* for my Grief,
 'Tis their Decree, That, as *my Infant-breath*
Began with Sighs, so I shou'd *Sigh to Death*.

Chrysoft.

Chrysoft. in Psal. 115.

*Ought we not worthily to Lament, who
are in a strange Country, and Ba-
nish'd to a Climate remote from our
Native Soil?*

DESIRES



*My soul breaketh out for the very
fervent desire that it hath always
to thy Judgments. Psal: 119. 20.*

T. 58.

DESIRE S

OF THE

RELIGIOUS SOUL.

BOOK *the Second.*

I.

My Soul breaketh out for the very fervent desire that it hath always unto thy Judgments,
Psal. cxix. 20.

WHILE *Heav'n* and *Earth* solícite me to love,
My doubtful Choice is puzzel'd w^{ch} t'approve:
Heav'n cries, *Obey*, while *Earth* proclaims, *be Free*:
Heav'n urges *Duty*, *Earth* pleads *Liberty*.
Call'd hence by *Heav'n*, by *Earth* I'm call'd again,
Toft, like a Vessel on the restless Main:
These diff'rent Loves a doubtful Combat wage,
And thus *Obstruét* the Choice they wou'd engage.
Ah! 'tis enough; let my long-harraft Mind
In the *best Choice* a quiet Haven find!
O my dear God! Let not my Soul incline
To any Love, or let that Love be thine!

'Tis

'Tis true, 'tis pleasant to be *free to chuse,*
 And when we *will, accept ; when not, refuse.*
 Freedom of Choice endures *Restraint* but ill ;
 'Tis *Usurpation* on th' unbounded Will.

The neighing Steed Thus, loos'd from Bitt, and Rein
 To his lov'd, well-known Pasture runs again.

Thus the glad Ox, from the Ploughs burthen freed,
 Runs lowing on to wanton in the Mead :

And when the Hind their freedom wou'd revoke,
 This scorns his *Harness*, That defies the *Toak*.

For freedom in our Choice we count a Bliss ;
 Eager to *chuse*, tho' oft we *chuse amiss*.

So the young Prodigal, impatient grown

To manage his entire Estate alone,

Takes from his prudent Father's frugal Care

His Stock, by that improv'd and thriving there :

But his own Steward made, with eager haste

He does the slow-gain'd Patrimony waste,

Till starv'd by Riot, and with Want oppress'd,

He feeds with Swine, himself the greater Beast.

Thus in Destruction often we rejoice,

Pleas'd with our *Ruin*, since it was our Choice.

How do we weary Heav'n with diff'rent Pray'rs !

The medly, sure, ridiculous appears.

This begs a *Wife*, nor thinks a greater Bliss ;

And that's as earnest to be rid of his :

This

This prays for *Children* ; *That* o'er-stock'd, repines
At the too fruitful *Issue* of his Loins.

This asks his *Father's Days* may be prolong'd ;

That, if his *Father Lives*, complains he's *Wrang'd* :

Youth prays for good old *Age*, and aged Men

Wou'd cast their *Skins*, and fain grow young agen.

Scarce in Ten thousand any *Two* agree ;

Nay, some *dislike* what they just *wish'd to be*.

None knows *this Minute* what he ought require,

Since ev'n *the next* begets a *new Desire*.

So Women pine with various Longing-fits,

When breeding has deprav'd their Appetites ;

The humorfom impertinent Disease

Makes that which *pleas'd* them most, as much *displease*.

Oh ! why, like them, grown restless with Desire,

Do my vain Thoughts to boundless Hopes Aspire ?

Be gone false Hopes, vain Wishes, anxious Fears !

Hence, you Disturbers of my peaceful Years !

O my dear God ! let not my Soul incline

To any Love, or let that Love be thine !

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 12.

*Allure, O Lord, my Desires with that sweetness which
thou hast laid up for them that fear thee, that I
may desire thee with eternal longings ; lest the in-
ward relish, being deceived, may mistake bitter for
sweet, and sweet for bitter.*



*That my ways were made so
direct, that I might keep thy Statutes
Psalm: 119. 5.*

II.

*O that my ways were made so direct, that I might
keep thy Statutes ! Psal. cxix. 5.*

IN what a maze of Errour do I stray,
Where various Paths confound my doubtful Way!
This, to the Right ; That to the Left-hand lies :
Here, Vales descend ; there swelling Mountains-rise :
This has an ease, That a rugged way ;
The treach'ry This conceals, That does betray.
But Whither these so diff'rent Courses go,
Their wandering Paths forbid, till try'd, to know.
Meander's Stream a straighter Motion steers,
Tho' with himself the Wand'rer interferes.
Not the fictitious Labyrinth of old
Did in more dubious Paths its Guests infold ;
Here greater Difficulties stay my Feet,
And on each Road I thwarting Dangers meet.
Nor I the diff'rent windings only fear,
(In which the Artist's Skill did most appear :)
But, more to heighten and increase my Dread,
Darkness involves each doubtful Step I tread.

No friendly Tracts my wandring Foot-steps guide,
 Nor other Feet th' untrodden Ground have try'd.
 And, tho', left on some fatal Rock I run,
 With out-stretcht Arms I grope my Passage on ;
 Yet dare I not through Night and Danger stray,
 They' arrest my cautious Steps, and stop my Way.
 Like a strange Trav'ler by the Sun forsook,
 And in a Road unknown by Night o're-took,
 In whose lone Paths no Neighb'ring Swains reside,
 No friendly Star appears to be his Guide,
 No sign or track by humane Foot-steps worn,
 But solitary all, and all forlorn.
 He knows not but each blind-fold Step he treads
 To some wild Desart or fierce River leads :
 Then calls aloud, and his hoarse Voice does strain,
 In hope of Answer from some Neighb'ring Swain ;
 While nought but cheating Eccho calls again.

Oh ! who will help a Wretch thus gone astray !
 What friendly Star direct my dubious way ?
 A glorious Cloud conducted *Israel's* Flight,
 By Day their *Cov'ring*, as their *Guide* by Night.
 The *Eastern-Kings* found *Bethlem* too from far,
 Led by the shining Conduct of a Star ;
 Nor con'd they in their tedious Journey Err,
 Who had so bright a Fellow-Traveller.

*Be thou no less Propitious Lord, to me,
 Since all my Business is to Worship Thee.*
 See how the wandring Croud mistake their way,
 And, tost about by their own Error, stray !
This tumbles head-long from an unseen Hill ;
That lights on a blind Path, and wanders still.
 With *Haste*, but not *Good Speed*, *this* hurries on ;
That moves no faster than a Snail might run.
 While to and fro *another* hasts in vain,
 No sooner in the right, than out again.
 Here *One* walks on alone, whose boasted Skill,
 Invites *Another* to attend him still ;
 Till among Thorns or miry Pools they tread ;
This by his *Guide*, *That* by *Himself* misled.
 Here *One* in a perpetual Circle moves,
Another, there, in endless Mazes roves ;
 And when he thinks his weary Ramble *done*,
 He finds (alas !) he has but *just begun*.
 Thus still, in Drove, the blinded Rabble stray,
 Scarce one of Thousands *keeps* or *finds* the way.

*O that my Ways directed were by Thee,
 From the deceits of baneful Error free !
 Till all my Motion, like a Dart's, became
 Swift as its Flight, unerring as its Aim,*

That where thy Laws require me to Obey,

I may not *loiter*, nor *mistake* the Way.

Then be *Thou*, Lord, the *Bow*, thy *Law* the *White*,

And *I* the *Arrow* destin'd for the Flight :

And when thou'rt pleas'd to shew thy greatest Skill,

Make me the *polish'd Shaft* t'obey thy Will.

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 4.

O Lord, who art the Light, the Way, the Truth, and the Life; in whom there is no Darknefs, Error, Vanity, or Death. Say the word, O Lord, let there be Light, that I may see the Light, and shun the Darknefs; that I may find the right way, and avoid the wrong; that I may follow Truth, and flee from Vanity; that I may obtain Life, and escape Death.



*O. hold thou up my goings in the
paths, that my footsteps slip
not. Psal. 17. 5.*

III.

*O hold thou up my going in thy Paths, that my
Footsteps slip not, Psal. xvij. 5.*

SO oft will me my faithless Feet betray,
So often stumble in so plain a way ?
O thou, who all our Steps from Heav'n dost see,
O hold me up, dear Lord, who lean on *Thee*.

The Stork instructs her timorous Young to stray,
In hidden Tracts through Heav'n's wide pathless way :
Till the apt Brood, by bold Example led,
Perform the daring Flight they us'd to dread.

The Eagles teach their unfledg'd Young to fly,
Around th' untrodden Regions of the Sky.
Till for their Aid they now no longer care ;
But fearless row, with feather'd ~~Fins~~ thro' Seas of Air.
Thus Boys, when first they venture Streams unknown,
On spongy Cork's light weight, support their own :
Till more improv'd, they their *first help* throw by,
Ambitious now *alone* the Floods to try.

And

And tho' awhile, e'er they have Practis'd been,
 Too often they'll unwelcome Draughts suck in ;
 Yet they, at length by use, Perfection gain,
 And sport and play, wide-wandering in the *Main*.

Thou, who from *Heav'n* observ'st our Steps *below*,
 See by what Arts thy Servant learns to go !
 While all my weight on this *slight Engine's* laid,
 I move the *Wheels* that do my Motion aid.
 Thus feeble Age, supported by a *Cane*,
 Is tir'd with *that* on which 'tis forc'd to *lean*.
 But tho', *dear Lord* ! ambiguous Terms I use,
 I of no failure can my *Feet* accuse :
 I can perceive no Imperfection *there*,
 No rocky Ways, or thorny Roads *they* fear :
 The weakness of my *Mind* disturbs me most,
 Whose *languid Feet* have all their Motion lost :
 All its Affections *Lame* and *Bed-rid* are,
 (Those Feet, alas ! which shou'd its Motion steer ;)
 When it shou'd move in Virtues easie road,
 Alas ! 'tis tir'd as soon as got abroad.
 My frail, my bending Knees assistance need,
 Weaker than Rushes, or the bruised Reed.
 Sometimes, but *rarely*, it renews the Race,
 And eagerly moves on, a *Jehu's Pace* :

But, weary of its Journey, scarce begun,
 Its boasted Flame is all extinct, as soon
 As smoaking Flax by rugged Whirlwinds blown. }
 Yet, lest I shou'd too much my Sloth betray,
 I force my Steps and make some little way;
 But then am cautious how my Feet I guide
 Lest they shou'd chance to trip, or rove aside:
 And the uncharitable World incline
 To place it not on Weakness, but on Wine.
 My reeling Steps move an indented pace,
 As 'twere a Cripple halting o're a Race.
I will, I won't; I burn, all in a Breath;
And that's scarce out, e'er I'm as cold as Death:
 And then, impatient at my fruitless Pain,
 Tir'd in the *mid-way*, I return again:
 Yet cannot then recover my first Place,
 The pleasant Seat whence I began my Race.
 Toft, like a Ship on the tempestuous Wave,
 Which neither help of *Sails* nor *Oars* can save,
 While with new vain Attempts I try again,
 And would repair the Loss I did sustain,
 The small Success too manifestly proves
 My fruitless Labor in a Circle moves.
 Thus Slaves, condemn'd to ply a toilsom Mill,
 Repeat the same returning Motion still:

Tho' still the *restless Engine's* hurry'd round,
They by its haste gain not one Foot of Ground.

What shall I do, a Stranger to the Race,
Whose lazy Feet scarce move a Snails slow Pace ?
Heav'n lies remote from this *mean Globe* below,
None but the *swift* and *strong* can thither go ;
What then shall this my *heavy Chariot* do ?

Thy Footsteps, Lord, o'rcome the roughest way ;
A Gyant's Feet move not so swift as they.
Thou with a Step dost *East* and *West* divide,
And o're the World, like a *Colossus*, stride.

But like the *Tortoise*, my dull Foot's delay'd,
Or rather, like the *Crab*, moves *retrograde*.
How can I then hope to that *Goal* to run,
I make the *Bus'ness* of my Life to shun ?
But do thou, *Lord*, my trembling Feet sustain,
Then I the *Race* and the *Reward* shall gain.

Amb. de fuga sæculi, cap. 1.

*Who among so many Troubles of the
Body, among so many Allurements
of the World, can keep a safe and
unerring Course?*

IV. My



My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy Judgments. Psal: 119. 120.

P. 194.

IV.

*My Flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am
afraid of thy Judgments, Psal. cxix 120.*

A Dread of Heav'n was by the Ancients taught,
As the first Impress on Man's infant Thought.
And he who understood it best, has said,
'Tis the prime Step that does to Wisdom lead.
Inform'd by this my early Childhood grew,
And to fear Heav'n was the first thing I knew :
But still such dark *Oblivion* dull'd my Mind,
I could not the repeated *Alpha* find.
No Stripes can punish my neglectful Crime,
Thus unimprov'd t'have trifled out my Time.
Dull Boys by Stripes with Learning are inspir'd,
By little Pains, with Industry acquir'd :
When twice or thrice they read their Letters o're,
They're as familiar as if known before :
And tho' in Colour all alike appear,
Each is distinguish'd by its Character.
May I not hope *Age* will compleat in me
The easie Task of tender *Infancy* ?

In many things I no *Inſtructor* ſought,
 Too apt, (alas!) to Practiſe them *untaught*.
 Why is not *Fear* as ſoon imbib'd, a *Rule*
 So oft explain'd in *Arts Improving School*?
 What I ſhould *flight*, ſtill (to my ſhame) I *fear*,
 And *flight* that moſt, which I ſhou'd moſt *revere*.
 I *fear Mans Eye* when I wou'd act a Sin,
 But *dread not Heav'n*, nor the *great Judge within*:
 For my *groſs Body* I am ſtill in fear,
 But my *pure Soul* partakes not of my *Care*.
 Thus ſilly Birds a harmleſs *Scare-crow* ſhun;
 Yet boldly to the fatal *Lime-twigs* run.
 The Royal Stag thus Feathers frighten more,
 Than the full cry of Hounds, that's juſt before:
 Thus the fierce Lion, of *false Fires* afraid,
 Flies to the *Toils*, in which he is betray'd.
 Such Vanity has Men's dark Minds o'reſpread.
 That leſs the *Thunder* than the *Clap* they dread;
 Think Hell a Fable, an invented Name,
 And count its Fire a *harmleſs lambent Flame*.
 With brutiſh Rage to blackeſt Ills they run,
 And never *fear* the Wickedneſs, till done:
 But tho' this Fear did not their Crimes *prevent*,
 'Twill come, too ſure, to be their *Puniſhment*.
 Then with ſtrange Frights, from their *loſt Senſes* driv'n,
 Their reſtleſs Thoughts run on offended Heav'n:

Then

Then sudden Fears their watchful Thoughts alarm,
 And call them from their lonely Beds to arm,
 While their own Shadows only do them harm. }

Each little thing's so magnify'd by Fear,
 They dread a *Lion*, when a *Mouſe* they hear.

If in the Night they hear a gentle Breeze
 Begin to whisper in the murmuring Trees,
 With Hair erect, and cold unnatural Sweat,
 They shrink beneath the conscious Coverlet.

What do they then, when glaring *Lightnings* fly,
 And bellowing *Thunders* roll along the Sky ?

They think each Flash a Messenger of Death,
 And at each *Crack* despair of longer Breath ;
 At every Noise they in new Fears engage,
 And Ruin from each Accident preſage.

Nay, ev'n of Silence, and its ſelf afraid.

The troubled Mind's eternally diſmay'd ;
 Such Punishments attend afflicting Guilt,
 Which never Pain like *its own Torments* felt.

Thus trembling Cain dreads from each Hand he ſees
 The Fate his injur'd Brother had from his.

His crimſon Soul, with Abel's Murder ſtain'd ;
 Still with the bloody Scene is entertain'd.

No more ſevere Correction waits on Sin,
 Than its unbrib'd Upbraider ſtill within.

Then with thy Darts, *Lord*, frighten me from Ill,
My Fury wants this kind Restriction still.

Fear timely comes *before a Fault's begun*,
He fears too late, that *fears not till 'tis done*.

Bernard.

Bernard. Serm. 26.

The Holy Psalmist desires wisely to be smitten, and healthfully to be wounded, when he prays to be Transfix'd with the fear of God; for that fear is an excellent Dart, that wounds and destroys the Lusts of the Flesh, that the Spirit may be safe.



*O turn away mine eyes least
they behold vanity. Psal: 119. 37.*

P. 100

V.

O turn away mine Eyes, lest they behold Vanity,
Pfal. cxix. 37.

IN my high *Capitol* two *Centries* still
 Keep constant watch, to guard the *Citadel* :
 If *fix'd* or *wandering Stars*, I do not know,
 Tho' *either Epithet* becomes them too ;
 Each from its Duty is in *straggling* lost,
 Yet each maintains *immovably* its Post ;
 Both *swift of Motion*, yet both *fix'd* remain :
 What *Sampson* this dark Riddle can explain ?

Ev'n *You*, my *Eyes*, are these *mysterious Stars*,
Fix'd in my Head, yet *daily Wanderers* :
 Who plac'd in that *exalted Tow'r* of mine,
 Like *Torches* in some lofty *Pharus* shine ;
 Or like two *Watch-men* on some rising place,
 View every near, and every distant pass.
 Yet you to me less constant prove by far,
 Than those kind *Guides* to their *Observers* are ;

Their Favours only with themselves Expire,
 Unless the Hand that gave, recalls their Fire.
 You, like mad Steeds, too headstrong for the Rein,
 Will let no Pow'r your wandring Course restrain :
You, by whose Guidance we shou'd Danger shun,
 Betray us to the Rocks on which we run.
 Thus wandring *Dina*, led by *your false Light*.
Expos'd her Honour, to oblige her Sight.
 Thus, while *Jessides* view'd the bathing Dame,
 What cool'd her Heat, kindled in him a Flame.
 Thus gazing on the *Hebrew* Matrons Eyes,
 Made the *Affyrian's* Head her easie Prize.
 Thus the fond Elders, by their *Sight* misled,
 Pursu'd the Joys of a forbidden Bed ;
Nor cou'd their lustful Flame be dispossess'd,
Till with a show'r of weighty Stones suppress'd.

More ruin'd Souls by these *false Guides* are lost,
 Than Shipwreck'd Vessels on the Rockiest Coast.

Then Happy he, Happy alike and Wife,
 Who made a timely *Cov'nant* with his Eyes !
 And Happier he who did his Guards *Disband*,
 Torn from their Posts by his wife fearless Hand !

So ill, *false Centries*, you your Charge perform,
 You *favour the Surprise*, that shou'd the *Camp allarm*.
 Did you for *this* the *Capitol* obtain?
 For *this* the Charge of the *chief Castle* gain?
 That you have thus t' *inferior Earth* betray'd,
Man's lofty Soul, for nobler Objects made?
 And do not rather *raise his Thoughts on high*,
 Above the *starry Arches* of the *Sky*?
That Theatre will entertain his Sight
 With various Scenes of *suitable Delight*:
 But you are more on *Earth* than *Heav'n* intent,
 And your *industrious Search* is downward bent.

What shall I do, since *you* unruly grow,
 And will no Limits, no Confinement know?
 Oh! shut the *Wandrer's* up in *endless Night*,
 Or with thy Hand, *dear God*, contract their Sight.

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 4.

*Woe to the blind Eyes that see not Thee, the Sun that
 enlightens both Heaven and Earth! woe to the dim
 Eyes that cannot see Thee! woe to them that turn
 away their Eyes from beholding Truth! woe to them
 that turn not away their Eyes from beholding Va-
 nity!*



*O let my heart be Sound in thy
Statutes, that I be not ashamed.
Psal. 119. 80.*

P. 104

VI.

*O let my Heart be found in thy Statutes, that I
be not ashamed, Psal. cxix. 89.*

COu'd I but hope my *Face* wou'd please my *Dear*,
That shou'd be all my *Bus'ness*, all my *Care* :
My *first Concern* shou'd for *Complexion* be,
The *next*, to keep my *Skin* from *Freckles* free :
No help of *Art*, or *Industry* I'd want,
No *Beauty-water*, or improving *Paint*,
My *Dressing-boxes* shou'd with *Charms* abound,
To make decay'd *Old Flesh* seem *Young and Sound* :
With *Spanish-wool*, red as the *Blooming Rose*,
And *Cerusse*, whiter than the *Mountain Snows* :
With all the *Arts* that *studious Virgins* know,
Who on their *Beauty* too much *Pains* bestow.
Then I'd correct each *Error* by my *Glass*,
Till not one *Fault* were found in all my *Face*.
If on my *Brow* one *Hair* amiss I spy'd,
That very *Hair* shou'd soon be rectify'd.
If dull my *Eyes*, how loudly I'd complain
Till they their wonted *Lustre* wore again

Shou'd

Shou'd but one *Wrinkle* in my Face appear,
 I'd cry, What means this sawcy *Wrinkle* here ?
 Ev'n with each Mole t' offend thee I shou'd fear,
 Cou'd I but think this Face to thee were dear.
 For if the smallest *Wart* thereon shou'd rise,
 I doubt 'twou'd seem a *Mountain* in your Eyes.
 Nay, the least Fault my self wou'd Censure too,
 For fear that Fault shou'd be dislik'd by you.
 Thus every Grace which *Nature* has deny'd,
 By *Art*'s kind help shou'd amply be supply'd :
 With *Curls* and *Locks* I wou'd adorn my Head,
 And thick with *Jewels* my gay Tresses spread :
 With *double Pearls* I'd hang my loaded Ears,
 Whilst my white Neck vast *Chains of Rubies* wears.
 Thus I among the *Fairest* wou'd be seen,
 And dare vie *Beauty*, ev'n with *Sheba's Queen*.

But oh ! no such *vain Toys* affect your *Mind*,
 These meet with *no Admirers*, but the *Blind*,
 Who in a *Dress* seek Objects of their Love,
 Which once put off, the *Beauties* too remove.
 Thus the fond Crowd's caught by a *gay Actress*,
 The *only Thing* indeed they find t' admire.

But *You*, my Love, no borrow'd *Beauties* prize,
 No *artificial Charms* attract your *Eyes*.

Dear

as *your own*, you rate a *spotless Heart*,
for *its sake* accept each other *Part*.

Oh that my Heart unspotted were, and free
from every Tincture of Impurity !
When in your favour I shoud make my Boast,
I had hate each Stain by which it might be lost.

Hugo de S. Vict. in Arrha animæ.

*base and filthy Spots, why do you stick so long ?
Be gone, depart, and presume no more to offend my
Beloved's Sight.*



*Come my Beloved, let us go
forth into the Fields, let
us lodge in the Villages
Cant. 7. 11. P. 108.*

VII.

*Come my Beloved, let us go forth into the
Fields, let us lodge in the Villages, Cant.
vij. 11.*

*Come, come, my Love, let's leave the busie Throng,
We trifle here our precious Time too long.
Come, let us hasten to some Field or Grove,
The fittest Theatres for Scenes of Love.
Strong Walls and Gates the City guard, 'tis true,
But what secures it thus, confines it too.
We'll reap the Pleasures of the open Field,
Which does Security with Freedom yield.
For there's I know not what, so safe, so dear
To this Country, as we ne'er shou'd light on here.
What tho' the City-Tow'rs the Clouds invade,
And o'er the Fields project their lofty shade?
Yet thence Content has made a far Retreat,
And chose the humble Cottages its Seat;
Where something more divinely Sweet they Breathe,
Altho' all Thatch above, all Earth beneath.)*

There

There the remotest *Solitude* enjoys
 The Blessing of *more Quiet*, and *less Noise*.
 Come then, *my Love*, and let's retire from *hence*,
 And leave this *busie fond Impertinence*.
 See ! ev'n the Cities eldest Son and Heir,
 Who gets his *Gold*, his dear-lov'd Idol, *there* ;
 Yet in the *Country* spends his *City-gains*,
 And makes *its Pleasure* recompence *his Pains* :
 And tho' the *City* has his *publick Voice*,
 The *Country* ever is his *private Choice*.
Here still the *Rich*, the *Noble*, and the *Great*,
 Unbend their Minds in a secure Retreat ;
 And *Heaven's free Canopy* yields more Delight
 Than *gilded Roofs* and *Fret-work* to the Sight.
 Nor can *fenc'd Cities* keep the Mind in Peace,
 So well as *open guardless Villages*.
 Come then, *my Love*, let's from the *City* halt,
 Each Minute we spend *there*, is so much waste.

I have a *Country-Farm*, whose fertile Ground
 Softmurmuring Brooks and chrystal Streams surround
 A better *Air* or *Soil* were never known,
 Nor more convenient Distance from the Town :
 Hither, *my Love*, if thou wilt take thy Flight,
 The *City* will no more thy Sense Delight,
 Driv'n from thy Thoughts as quickly ^{from} thy Sight.

Here

(III)

Here in the Shades I will *my Dear Carefs,*
At leisure to receive my kind Address.
Here, from the *City* and its *Tumults* free,
I shall enjoy more than my Self, in *Thee*.
As o're our Heads, dress'd in their leavy State,
The amorous *Turtle* wooes his faithful Mate.
No Bus'ness shall invade our Pleasure here,
No rude Disturber of our Joys appear.
Here thou *thy secret Passions* shalt reveal,
And whisper in my Ear the pleasing Tale ;
While in Requital I disclose *my Flame,*
And in the fav'ring Shades conceal my Shame.
Oh ! cou'd I see that Happy Happy Day !
I know no Bliss beyond, for which to Pray.
Then to the *Country* let us, *Dear,* repair,
For Love thrives best in the clear open Air.

Hieron. Ep. ad Hesiod. 1.

*What dost thou ? How long do the Shadows of the Houses
confine thee ? How long does the Prison of the smoaky
City shut thee up ? Believe me, I see some greater
Light, and am resolv'd to throw off the burthen of
the Flesh, and fly to the splendor of the purer Air.*

VIII. *Draw*



*Draw me, wee will run after
thee (in the Savour of thy
Oyntments.)*

Cant. 1. 3.

P. 112.

VIII.

*Draw me, we will run after thee, (in the favours
of thy Ointments,) Cant. i. 4.*

SEE how my feeble Limbs, now giv'n in vain,
Increase the Burthen which they shou'd *sustain!*

While, weary of my hated Life, I lie,

A faint Resemblance of what once was I.

My Head, depress'd with its one weight, hangs low,

And to *themselves* my Limbs a Burthen grow.

In *various Postures* still I seek for Ease,

But find at last not *any one* to please.

Now I wou'd *rise*, now with my self *in Bed*,

Now with my *Hands* support my *drooping Head* :

Now on my *Back*, now on my *Face* I lie,

And now for Rest on *either side* I try :

And when my Bed I've tumbled Restless o're,

I'm still th' *uneasie Wretch* I was before.

Thus hinder'd by my *own Infirmary*,

Tho' fain I would, I cannot follow thee.

Then wilt thou go, and leave me Dying here?

Is this thy Kindness, this thy Love, my Dear?

And do I then so great a Burthen grow,

Thou wilt not stay till I can with thee go?

Thus *Soldiers* from their *wounded Comrades* fly

At an *Allarm* of any *Danger* nigh.

Unnat'ral Mothers thus their *Babes* disclaim,

Urg'd to the *Sin* by *Poverty* or *Shame*.

Stretch, *Lord*, thy *Hand*, and thy *weak Follower* meet,

Or if not *reach thy Hand*, yet *stay thy Feet*.

The grateful *Stork* bears o're the spacious *Flood*,
Its *aged Dam*, and *Triumphs* in the *Load*:

The *Doe* supports her *tender Swimmers* weight,

And minds *her self* less than her *dearer Freight*.

But you, unkind! forsake your *Love*, alone,

In desert *Fields* forgotten, and unknown,

So burthenfom her *Company* is grown :

Yet I'd not *hinder* or *retard* your *Haste*,

But gently draw, and I shall follow fast :

Tho' fall'n and fainting now, a little space

Shall make me out-strip the *Winds* impetuous *Race*.

Nor shall you *Violence* need to force me on,

Free and *unurg'd*, I'll close behind you run.

As, when at your *Command* the *Net* was cast,

The willing *Fish* leapt in with eager *haste*;

And, unconcern'd, their own *Destruction* sought,

So much 'twas their *Ambition* to be caught.

Pleasure and *Sense* do all *Mankind* misguide,

Some by their *Eyes*, some by their *Ears* are ty'd.

I seek not, *Lord*, my Eyes or Ears to please,
 Th' *Arabian* Sweets sute best with my *Disease*.
 Thy *Tresses* of the balmy *Spiknard* smell,
 And from thy *Head* the richest *Oyls* distill.
 Choice *fragrant Scents* from thy lov'd *Temples* flow,
 And on thy *Lips* eternal *Roses* grow.
 Thou *breath'st* the *Odors* of the *Spicy East*,
 In *Myrrhy Dew* thy *fragrant Words* are drest.
 Thy *Iv'ry Neck* sweats richest *Frankincense*,
 And *ev'ry part* does some *rare Scent* dispence.
 Whate'er *Perfumes* in the vast *World* are found,
 In a rich *Compound* mix'd, in *Thee* abound.
 Just such a noble *Smell*, and rich *Perfume*
 Was that of old fill'd the *blest Virgins Room*,
 When Thou, the *Flow'r* of *Jesse*, began't to Bloom.

Oh ! might this *Odor* bless my *longing Sense*,
 How wou'd it cure my *feeble Impotence* !
 I soon shou'd conquer all my *Languishment*,
 And swiftly follow the *attractive Scent*,
 And my *Companions* the same *Course* wou'd move,
 As the *whole Flock* waits on th' *anointed Dove*.

Gilbert. in Cant. Hom. 18.

Love is a *Cord* that holds fast, and draws *Affectionate-*
ly, whose *Words* are so many *Allurements*. Nothing
 holds faster than the *Band* of *Love*, nothing *At-*
tracts more powerfully.



*O that thou wert as my brother, that
 Sucked the breasts of my mother, when I
 should find thee without; I would kiss thee,
 yet I should not be despised. Cant. 8. 1.*

IX.

*O that thou wert as my Brother, that sucked the
Breasts of my Mother ; when I should find thee
without, I would kiss thee, yet I should not
be Despised, Cant. viii. 1.*

WHO will enoble my unworthy Race,
And Thy great Name among their Numbers
Nor wish I this to raise my Pedigree, (place?
Contented with my mean Obscurity.
Yet, tho' my Blood wou'd be a stain to Thine,
Still I must wish we had one Parent-line.
Nor wou'd I have thee grown to those brisk Years
When first the gentle budding Down appears.
But still an Infant, hanging on the Breast,
The same which I before have often prest :
A Brother such wou'd my Ambition chuse,
If Elder, I thy Converse must refuse.
My Life ! be born again, and let me see,
Dear Child, those happy Cradles, blest by Thee.
Children have pretty, pleasant, charming Arts,
Above the Elder Sort, to win our Hearts ;

And tho' each Age wou'd its own Merit prove,
Childhood is still most prevalent in *Love* :

Ev'n he who *tames* the World, tho' calm and mild
 His Face appear—ev'n *Love* himself's a *Child*.

Wer't thou a Boy, drest in thy Infant Charms
 Unblam'd, I'd clasp thee closely in my Arms.

My Life! be born again, and let me see,
Dear Child, Those happy Cradles, blest by Thee :

Then I shou'd have Thee to my self alone,
 Nor blam'd, nor censur'd if my Love were known.

My Arms all Day shou'd bear thy grateful Weight,
 And be thy safe Enclosure all the Night.

When thy soft Cheeks or ruddy Lips I'd kiss,
 No *Fear* or *Shame* shou'd interrupt the Bliss ;

For none a *Sister's Kindness* can Upbraid,
 At least when to an *Infant-Brother* Paid :

And tho' on thy soft Lips long time I'd dwell,
 Sure a *Chaste Kiss* can never be but well.

O that you'd hear, ye gentle Pow'rs above,

And to my *Brother* thus transform my Love !

That thou, my Dear, my *Brother* wou'd'st become,
 Dear as the Off-spring of my *Parents Womb*.

Then all my Vows, then all my Thanks I'd pay,
Bless the glad Change, and hail the welcome Day.

What wou'd I do to make my Transport known ?

What wou'd I do ? What wou'd I *leave undone* ?

How

How oft wou'd I, by stealth, ev'n *when forbid,*
 Stand all Night Centry by the *Cradle-side* ?
 How num'rous shou'd my Services become ?
 Ev'n till, perhaps you thought 'em troublesome :
 For when my Mother took thee from the Breast,
My Arms shou'd with the *next remove* be Blest :
 Or if shee'd have thee born to take the Air,
 I'd still my self the grateful Burthen bear.
 Or wou'd she have thee in the *Cradle* lie,
 Sing thee to Sleep, and then sit watching by :
 If she to take the *lov'd Employment* went
My eager haste shou'd *her Design* prevent :
 But when she shou'd intrust thee to my Care,
 And going forth, leave me to tend *my Dear* ;
 How great wou'd be the Pleasure of my Charge ?
 How wou'd I then indulge my Self at large ?
 Thy *Mantle* soon I softly wou'd remove,
 Eager t' enjoy the Object of my Love ;
 And, favour'd by the most Commodious Light,
 Feast on thy *lovely Face* my longing Sight.
 Thy Head shou'd on my *Left-hand* gently rest,
 While with my *Right* I claspt thee to my Breast ;
 And then so lightly I wou'd steal a *Kiss*,
 It shou'd not interrupt thy *sleeping Bliss*.
 Then, *Dear*, be pleas'd a *second Birth* t' allow,
 That on thy *Cheeks* my Lips may pay their Vow.

And as thy growth renders thy Organs strong,
 And thou beginn'st to use thy loos'd Tongue ;
 Then thou, *my Love*, shalt my small Pupil be,
 And as I *Speak*, shalt *Stammer* after me :
 And when thou dost the help of Arms refuse,
 And dar'st attempt th' assisting *Wand* to use,
 I'll teach thee safely how to Praunce along,
 And keep thy nimble Footsteps firm and strong :
 And if some naughty Stone offend thy Feet,
 My ready Arms their stumbling Charge shall meet :
 Pleas'd with a *frequent Opportunity*
 Of thus *receiving* and *embracing Thee* :
 Nor shall I any *Recompence* regard,
 The pleasing *Service* is its own *Reward*.

Bonavent.

Bonavent. Soliloq. cap. i.

*I was ignorant, O sweet Jesu, that thy
Embraces were so pleasant, thy Touch
so delightful, thy Conversation so di-
verting ; for when I touch Thee, I
am clean ; when I receive Thee, I
am a Virgin.*

X. By



*By night on my bed, I sought him whom
my soul loveth, I sought him, but I
found him not. Cant. 3. 1.*

X.

*By Night on my Bed, I sought him whom my
Soul loveth, I sought him, but I found him
not, Cant. iij. 1,*

I Treat not of inferior mortal Fires,
But *chafteft Sighs*, and *more sublime Desires*;
As *Bodies*, so the *Minds* their Flames receive,
But still the *grosser* for the *Bodies* leave.

The generous Fire that warms the Soul, does prove
And that alone, the pleasing Charms of Love.
What nobler Flames the lofty Minds inspire!
How are they rais'd to more refin'd Desire!
In what Divine Embraces do they join!
What holy Hands their mutual Contracts sign!
How dear the Joys of that chaste Genial Bed!
With what unspeakable Delights 'tis spread!
Where the pleas'd Soul in her Beloved's Arms,
And he in hers, gaze on each others Charms.
The Bed on which such happy Lovers rest,
Is downy Peace in its own quiet Blest.

Here

Here I was wont, when Care drove Sleep away,
 Pregnant with Thought, to watch the Dawning Day;
Here the dear *He* that stole my *Virgin-heart*
 Did oft to me his *Bosom-cares* impart.
 Then, then a Sacred Flame my Soul posselt,
 And no less Heat reign'd in his amorous Breast :
 Then silent Love did all our Thoughts imploy
 Tho' Dumb, our Eyes discours'd in Tears of Joy.
 But *now*, nor know I why, my Love's estrang'd,
 I fear some Fault of mine his Mind has chang'd :
 For, a whole Day he has not Blest my Sight,
 Nor (*which he ever us'd*) return'd at Night.
 Or has the Faithless fickle Charmer fled,
 Or for another left my Widow'd Bed ?
 How sadly I in Tears and Discontent
 The tedious Night of his griev'd Absence spent ?
 'Twas now the dead low Ebb of deepest Night,
 And gentle Sleep had lock'd my Drowsy Sight.
 When a loud Voice surpriz'd my trembling Ear,
 And call'd, *Rise, Sluggard, see your Love's not here.*
 Straight I awake, and rub my sleepy Eyes,
 Then the forsaken House I fill with Cries :
 Sleep'st thou, *my Love* ? But Answer I had none,
 For *He*, (alas !) to whom I spoke, was *gone*.
 Soon with a lighted Torch his Steps I Trace,
 And wish I ne'er had seen *them* nor his *Face*.

Then

Then on the guiltless Bed begin t' exclaim,
 Ask where *my Love* is, and, it's Silence blame.
 Distracted then I search the Chamber round,
 But what I sought was no where to be found.
 What Tumults then were rais'd within my Breast,
 Who once on *Peace's* downy Bed did rest ?
 What raging Storms then tost my troubled Mind,
 Unus'd to Tempests of so fierce a Kind !
 With Pain my heavy Eyes to Heav'n I raise,
 And scarce my Lips can open in its Praise ;
 My former Strength in sacred Conflicts fails,
 And what was once *my Sport*, my Soul bewails :
 For while Success Crown'd my troubled Head,
 On Golden Peace I made my easie Bed :
 Then, like a *Boasting Soldier*, Raw and Young,
 Who always is Victorious with his Tongue,
 I wish'd to Exercise some *Tyrant's* Rage,
 Or in some *glorious Hazard* I'd engage.
 So warm a Heat within my Blood did play,
 While on the easie Bed of Peace I lay :
 But when this *Heat* forfok me with my *Love*,
 Colder than *Scythian Frosts* my Blood did prove,
 So *Flow'rs*, which gentle *Zephyrs* kindly rear,
 Nipt by *Cold Frosts*, decay and disappear :
 So *Lamps* burn bright, while *Oyl* maintains their Fire,
 But as *that* ceases, Languish and Expire.

Alas !

Alas ! *my Love*, I fought thee in my *Bed*,
Who on the *Cross* had'st laid thy weary Head :
Peace was my *Bed*, while the curst *Cross* was *Thine*,
I shou'd have fought Thee by *that fatal Sign*,
Much Time I lost in seeking thee *around*,
But fought thee where thou wert not to be found.

Greg. in Ezek. Hom. 19.

*Then we may be said to seek our Beloved
in Bed, when being amused with any
little sort of a Rest in this present
Life, we yet sigh after our Redeemer.
We seek him in the Night, because tho'
then the Soul is waking, yet the Eye
is still in Darkness.*

XI. *I will*



*I will rise, and go about the City in the
 Streets, and in the broad ways, I will
 seek him whom my Soul loveth: I sought
 him, but I found him not. Cant. 3. 2.*

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XI.

*I will rise, and go about the City in the Streets,
and in the broad ways I will seek him whom
my Soul loveth: I sought him, but I found
him not, Cant. iij. 2.*

AT last, tho' late, my Error does appear,
Had I search'd well I sure had found my Dear:
I thought him wrapt in soft Repose, in Bed,
Easing his troubled Breast, and weary Head;
But *there* (alas!) my Love I cou'd not find,
A harder Lodging was for him design'd.

Alas! my Life, alas! what shall I do?
How can I Rest or Sleep depriv'd of *You*?
No, tho' a thousand Rivers murmur'ing Noise
Shou'd court me to it with one lulling Voice;
Nor tho' as many whisp'ring Groves conspire,
And join the Musick of their feather'd Quire.
Scarce close my weary Eyes, with Cares oppress'd,
When Sorrow rushes in, and breaks my Rest.
My Eyes, my Thoughts no Night admit, but when
I tossing lie, each tedious Hour seems Ten.

If ever Sleep indulge my Misery,
 My *Sleeping Thoughts* are all imploy'd on *Thee* :
 Why then shou'd wretched I seek Rest in vain,
 Since Sleep so oft denies to ease my Pain ?

My *Bed* I quit, and ranging all the Town,
 Remove as *Chance* or *Reason* leads me on :
 Each Corner search, and hope in each to find
 The *dearest Object* of my *Eyes* and *Mind* :
 No Place escapes me, none so *private* lies,
 To cheat th' Enquiry of my *curious Eyes*.
 The eager Hound thus close his Game pursues ;
 While the *warm Scent* directs his *ready Nose* :
 Thro' Woods and Thickets, Bri'rs, and Thorns he runs,
 No *Danger* dreads, or *Inconvenience* shuns.
 Thus once the weeping *Magdalen* did Roam
 To find her *Lord*, when missing in his *Tomb*.
 What *that* denies, she hopes the *City* yields ;
 But *there* not found, she seeks him in the *Fields*,
 No *Man unask'd*, no *Place unsearch'd*, remain'd,
 Till the *dear Treasure* which she *sought* was *gain'd* :
 Thus the griev'd *Dam* for her robb'd *Nest* complains,
 And fills the Forest with her mournful Strains ;
 About the Tree enrag'd she flies, and now
 Lights on the top, then on some under-Bough.

And

And to her Fellows sadly does relate
 Th' *injurious stealth*, and her *lost Off-springs Fate*.
 Thus have I search'd thro' ev'ry *Walk and Street*,
 But what I *sought* (alas!) I cou'd not *meet*.
 Base *Walks!* and hateful *Streets!* whose ev'ry Road
 My weary Feet so oft in vain have trod!
 I mist *my Love* in Bed, and fought him *here*;
 But fought *amiss*, and still must want *my Dear*.

Amb. de Virg. lib 3.

Christ is not found in the Courts nor in the Streets;
Christ is no frequenter of the Courts. Christ is Peace,
in the Courts are Contentions: Christ is Justice,
in the Courts is Iniquity, &c. Let us shun the
Courts, let us avoid the Streets.



*Saw you him whom my Soul loveth? It
was but little that I past from them, but I
found him whom my Soul loveth: I held
him, and would not let him go. Cant: 3. 3. 4*

XII.

Saw you him whom my Soul loveth? It was but a little that I past from them, but I found him whom my Soul loveth: I held him, and wou'd not let him go, Cant. iij. 3, 4.

IS there a Corner left in all the Town,
Which in my weary Search I have not known?
With flaming Torches every Street was Light,
Nor did I ev'n the *meanest Allies* flight.
Alas! what Ground did I not Travel o're,
Till even the City had not any more?
But why shou'd I this *fruitless Toil* approve,
Since all my *seeking does not find my Love?*
Then, hopeless, back my pensive Course I steer'd,
But still no Tidings of *my Lover* heard;
When I at last approach'd the City-gate,
Where a strong *Guard* in constant Watch did wait:
Said I, *Perhaps my Love is hidden here:*
And then I ask'd them *if they saw my Dear?*
They Laugh'd, and my Enquiry did deride,
And *who's your Love?* One of the Centries cry'd:

*Has he no Name by which he may be known ?
 How can we tell, since you have giv'n us none ?
 Excuse, said I, my rude Simplicity,
 I thought him known to all the World, as Me :
 And that our Love, so much the talk of Fame,
 Had made it needless to declare his Name ;
 And tho' you wou'd pretend this Ign'rance now,
 I'm Confident you cannot chuse but know :
 Then pray be pleas'd in Earnest to declare
 If you have seen him lately passing here :
 Him, whom above my Life I dearly Prize,
 And him who loves me more than his own Eyes ?
 Say, when he went, what Stay he made with you,
 And whither he pretended he wou'd go ?
 Unto the Right or Left-hand is he gone ?
 Or had he Company, or was h' alone ?
 The sportful Watch, regardless of my Cares,
 Answer with Laughter, and deride my Tears.
 From them I go, hopeless my Love to find,
 While Tides of Grief o'rewhelm'd my sinking Mind.
 But while my Soul such painful Thoughts imploy,
 (Nor dar'd I let it hope so vast a Joy :)
 My Love, the same I sought the City round,
 Now, unexpected and unsought, was found.*

Lost between *Joy* and *Fear* in the Surprise,
 I durst not well give credit to my Eyes.
 And *have I thee again* ? I wou'd have cry'd,
 But as I strove, my faultring Tongue deny'd.
 As when some mournful Wife sees by her Bed
 Her Husband long by Fame reported Dead ;
 Amaz'd to meet what she had giv'n for lost,
 She flies his Arms, and takes him for a Ghost :
 Nor dares, till his *known Voice* the Truth assure,
 The Sight of what she most desires, endure :
 And still she fears lest she *too easie* prove,
 Betray'd to this *Credulity* by *Love*.
 Thus while I trembling stand, again I try ;
 Again my *Life* salutes my joyful Eye.
 Toss'd between *Doubt*, and *Hope*, and *Love*, and *Fear*,
 Are you *my Love*, I cry, or in *his Shape* appear ?
My Dear !—ah no ! alas ! you are not *He* ;
 Yet sure you are—Yes, yes, you are, I see.
My Love, *my Life*, I see and know you now,
 My secret *Ecstasy* discovers you.
 Pleas'd with your *Voice*, and ravish'd with your *Face*,
 I fly uncall'd to your belov'd Embrace.
 Thus, thus I'll bind you to me, and prevent
 A *second Search*, the *Soldiers Merriment*.
 O that my Arms were *Chains*, and each part else,
 Feet, Hands and all, were *Gyves* and *Manacles* !

Then with a triple Band *my Love* I'd bind,
 Close as the *Elm* is by the *Vine* entwin'd ;
 The snaky *Ivy* shou'd not closer crawl
 About the Ruines of its dear-lov'd *Wall*.
 And while my busie Hands your Neck enclose,
 Think that *no Burthen* which their *Kindness* shows !
 Remember, *Love*, you have been absent long,
 And Time that *did it* must *repair* the wrong ;
 But of the Recompence you soon complain,
 And e'er my Joys *begin*, are *gone* again.
 But stay ! ah too unkind, ungrateful ! stay !
 Nor shall you fly, unless you force your way.

Beda in Cant. cap. 3.

*When I had found him, I held him so
much the faster, by how much the
longer I was in finding him.*

XIII. But



*But it is good for me to hold me
fast by God, to put my trust in the
Lord God. Psal. 73. 27.*

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XIII.

*But it is good for me to hold me fast by God, to
put my Trust in the Lord God, Psal. lxxiiij. 27.*

THro' what strange turns of Fortune have I gone,
Just as a *Ball* from Hand to Hand is thrown ?
Wars loud Allarms were first my sole Delight,
And hope of *Glory* led me out to Fight :
Arms rais'd my Courage, *Arms* were all my care,
As if I had no other Bus'ness here.
Oft with a *Song* I past my tedious Hour,
While I stood *Centry* on some lofty Tow'r :
Oft I the *Enemies Intent* betray'd,
And shew'd *their Motions* by the *Signs* I made.
I learnt to *intrench a Camp*, and *Bulwarks* rear,
With all the *Cunning* of an *Engineer*.
I ever forward was, and bold in Fight,
And did to *Action* the faint Troops Excite,
None better understood the *Art of War*,
None more the *Soldiers* or *Commanders* Care :
Oft in the *Lybian Desert* did I Sweat,
Fir'd with the Sand, and melted with the Heat ;
Choak'd

Choak'd with the Dust, yet no kind Fountain nigh,
The Place as little Moisture had as I.

How oft have I swam mighty Rivers o'er,
With heavy Armour loaden, tir'd, and fore?
And still my Sword across my Mouth have laid,
Whene'er I did the adverse Stream invade.
Thus long the Camp has had my Company,
A *Foot-man* first, then of the *Cavalry*.
My *Breast-plate* has ten Shots of Arrows born,
Nor fewer Stroaks my batter'd Helmet torn.
Thrice was my *Horse* shot under me, my *Crest*
Four times struck off, and I as oft Distrest.
Yet boldly I expos'd my Self to harm,
And in my *En'mies Blood* my Hand was warm.
But on my *Back* I did no Wounds receive,
My ready *Breast* met all my *Foes* durst give:
For boldly against *Fire* and *Sword* I stood,
And flights of *Arrows* which the Sky did cloud:
On Heads of Men, slain by my *Sword*, I trod,
And as I mov'd, my ways with *Corps* I strow'd.
But yet the Man that did these *Conquests* gain,
Cou'd not, with *all his Pow'r*, his *Wish* obtain;
With all his *Lawrels won*, and *Foes o'er-come*,
His *Crowns deserv'd*, and *Trophies too brought home*:

One Fault did *all his former Triumphs* blast,
 And blotted out their *Memory* at last.
 The *General* cashier'd me with a *Word*,
 And o'er my *Head* broke *my once useful Sword*.
 And thus in *publick Scorn*, my *Fame* expir'd,
 With the *dear Purchase* of my *Blood* acquir'd,
 O my dear *God* ! had I born *Arms* for *Thee*,
 Thy *Favour* had not thus *deserted me*.
 What *Hopes* are plac'd on *Thee* can never fail,
 Firm as an *Anchor* fix'd within the *Vail*.
 Behind thy *Altar* then I'll lay my *Arms*,
 And bid a long *Adieu* to *War's Allarms*.
 But soon my *Mind* on *Gain* was all intent,
 Fain to my *Thoughts* such *Sweets* did represent.
 A *Ship* I bought, which when I *Fraighted* well,
 Abroad I steer'd, to *Purchase* and to *Sell*.
 In both the *Indies* I expos'd my *Ware*,
 To *Port* was known but I had *Trafick* there :
 For from *small Ventures*, *large Acquests* to gain,
 Was all the busie *Study* of my *Brain*.
 Wealth now came flowing in with such a *Tide*,
 It wou'd not in my *strained Chests* abide.
 My *Ships* came loaden from the *Indian-shoar* ;
 At next return they *Perish'd* at my *Door*.
 My *Books* with *Debtors Names* still larger grew :
 It they *Forswore*, and so I lost my *Due*.

Thus

Thus *Salt*, made in the *Sea*, does there decay,
 Thus where 'twas gain'd, my *Wealth* all melts away

How peaceful is the Man, and how secure,
 Whom *War* did ne'er *delight*, nor *Gain* allure ?
 No more shall *Gain* my cheated Fancy please,
 That cannot purchase *one short Minutes Ease*.
 What shall I do, since my Attempts are vain ?
 In *War*, no *Fame* ; in *Trade*, no *Wealth* I gain.
 Then to the *Court* I hastily repair,
 My *Fame* as soon finds kind Reception *there*.
 I'm brought before the *King*, and kiss his Hand,
 He likes my *Person*, gives me a *Command*.
 Now grown his *Fav'rite*, I have all his Ear ;
 Whate'er I *Speak*, he eagerly does *Hear* :
 And to *new Honours* does me still Advance,
 Not the effect of *Merit*, but of *Chance*.
 But, whether *his Mistake*, or *my Desert*,
 I'm now indeared, and wound into his Heart.
 Oft in Discourse we spent the busie Day,
 And ne'er regarded how it past away.
 Nay, without *me*, he wou'd not *Play* nor *Eat*,
 My *Presence* gave a *Relish* to his Meat :
 No *Fav'rite* e'er was dearer to his *Prince* ;
 No *Prince* such *Favours* ever did Dispense.

Sejanus rul'd not thus his Master's Heart ;
 His wary Lord allow'd him but a Part :
 Nor *Clyen's* self cou'd greater Honours have,
 Tho' the *World's Conqu'ror* was almost his *Slave*.
 This new *Advancement* pleas'd my Thoughts, 'tis true,
 (For there are *secret Charms* in all things new.)
 The *Courtiers* envy, and the *Crowds* admire
 To see the King my *Company* desire.
 But, oh ! on *Kings* 'tis Folly to depend,
 Whose *Pow'r*, much more their *Favours*, quickly end
 The King to *Frowns* does all his *Smiles* convert,
 And as he lov'd, so hates, without desert.
 His *Favour* sow'rs to *Rage*, and I am sent
 far from my Native Soil to *Banishment*.
 My fall to *Hist'ry* adds one Story more,
 A Story I for ever must deplore.
Sejanus had not a severer Fate,
 Nor *Clyen's* Happiness a shorter Date.
 O God ! how great is their Security,
 Whose Hopes and Wishes all are fix'd on Thee ?

Aug. in Psal. 36.

forsake all other Loves ; he is fairer who Created
 Heaven and Earth.



*I sat down under his shadow (whom I
loved) with great delight. Cant. 2. 3.*

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XIV.

*I sat down under his Shadow (whom I loved)
with great Delight, Cant. iij. 3.*

IN a long Journey to an unknown Clime,
Much Ground I *Travel'd*, and *consum'd much Time*;
Till weary grown, computing in my Mind,
I thought the shortest of my Way behind.
But when I better had survey'd the Race,
I found there still remain'd the greater Space.
Then my faint Limbs grew feeble with Despair,
Discourag'd at a Journey so severe :
With Hands and Eyes erect, I vent my Grief
To Heav'n, in hope from thence to find Relief.

Oh ! who will shade me from this *scorching Heat* ?
See on my Head how the fierce Sun-beams beat !
While by their Fervor parch'd, the burning Sand
Torments my Feet, and scarce will let me stand.
Then you I praise, dear Groves, and shady Bowers,
Blest with cool Springs, and sweet refreshing Flow'rs.

L

Then

Then with th' expanded *Poplar* wou'd o'erspread,
Or leavy *Apple* shade my weary Head.

The God whose Aid I oft had sought before,
As often found, now adds this Favour more.
Whither your hasty Designs, *says he*, I know ;
Know *what* you want, and *how* you want it too.
I know you seek *Jerusalem* above,
Thither your Life and your Endeavours move :
But with the tedious *Pilgrimage* dismay'd,
Implore Refreshment from the *Apple's* shade.
See, see, I come to bring your Pains Relief !
Beneath *my Shadow* ease your weary Grief.
Behold my Arms stretch'd on the fatal *Tree* !
With these extended Boughs I'll cover Thee :
Behold my *bleeding Feet*, my *gaping Side* !
In these free Coverts thou thy Self maist hide.
This Shade will grant thee thy desir'd Repose,
This Tree alone for that kind Purpose grows.

Thus spoke the God, whose Favour thus Express'd,
With *Strength* inspir'd my Limbs, with *Hope* my Breast.
I rais'd my Eyes, and there *my Love* I spy'd ;
But, oh ! *my Love*, *my Love* was Crucify'd !
O what a dismal Scene (I all dismay'd
Cry'd out) presents me this unnat'ral Shade.

What

What Comfort can it yield to wretched Me,
 While *Thou* art hung on this *accursed Tree*?
Curs'd Tree! and more curs'd *Hand* by which 'twas fet!
 The bloody Stains are *reeking* on it yet!
 Yet this fair *Tree* projects its spreading Boughs,
 And with kind cooling Shades invites Repose:
 But what it offers still it self denies,
 And more to *Tears* than *Sleep* inclines my Eyes!

Blest Tree! and *happy Hand* that fix'd thee here!
 That *Hand* deserves the Honour of a *Star*!
 Now, now, *my Love*, I thy Resemblance know,
 My cool, kind, shady Residence below.
 As the large Apple spreads its loaden Boughs,
 From whose rare Fruit a pleasing Liquor flows:
 And, more than all its fellows of the Wood,
 Allows the *weary Rest*, the *hungry Food*:
 Thus thou art, *Lord*, my *Covert* in the Heat;
 My *Drink* when *Thirsty*, and when *Hungry*, *Meat*.
 How oft, *my Love*, how oft with earnest *Pray'r*,
 Have I invok'd thy Shade, to Rest me there?
 There pensive I'll bewail my wretched State,
 Like a sad Turtle widow'd of her Mate;
 I'll bath thy pale dead Lips in a warm Flood,
 And from thy Locks, I'll wash the clotted Blood:

Thy hanging Head my Hands shall gently raise,
 And to my Cheek I'll lay thy gory Face ;
 Thy wounded Side with watry Eyes I'll view,
 And as *thy Blood, my Tears* shall ever flow :
 Flow till my Sight, by their kind Flood reliev'd,
 With the sad Object be no longer griev'd.

Yet this *one Wound* in me will *many* make,
 Till Prostrate at *thy Feet* my Place I take :
 Then I'll embrace again the *fatal Tree*,
 And write this sad *Inscription* under Thee :
Two Lovers see, who their own Deaths conspire !
She drowns in Tears, while He consumes in Fire.

Honorius in cap. 2. Cant. apud Delr.

A shadow is made of a Body and Light, and is the Traveller's Covert from the Heat, his Protection from the Storm. The Tree of Life, to wit, the Apple-Tree, is the Holy Cross; its Fruit is Christ, its Shadow the Refreshment and Defence of Mankind.



*How shall we sing the Lord's song
in a strange Land. Psal. 137. 4.*

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XV.

*How shall we sing the Lords Song in a strange
Land? Pſal. cxxxvij. 4.*

OH! why, my Friends, am I deſir'd to Sing?
How can I raiſe a *Note*, or touch a *String*?
Muſick requires a Soul to Mirth inclin'd,
And ſympathizes with the troubled Mind.

But you reply, Such Seasons moſt require
The kind Diverſion of the warbling Lyre;
When *Grief* wou'd ſtrike you Dumb, 'tis time to *Sing*,
Then ſtrain the *Voice*, and ſtrike the trembling *String*;
Leſt then the Mind o'erwhelm'd in Sorrow lie,
Too much intent on its own Miſery.

You urge, this Remedy will Grief aſſwage,
And with Examples prove what you alledge.
You ſay, This tunes the weary Sailors Note,
While o're Long Seas their nimble Veſſels Float:
You ſay, This makes the artful Shepherd play,
Whoſe tuneful Pipes the tedious Hours betray,

And that the Trav'ler's Journey easi'st proves,
 When to the *Musick* of his *Voice* he moves.

And Soldiers when with Night or Labour tir'd
 By Singing, with new Vigour are inspir'd.

I'll not Perversly blame this Art in *them*,

Nor th' inoffensive Policy condemn ;

But know my Tongue, long practis'd in Complaint,
 Is skill'd in Grief, in Lamentations quaint.

Scarce my lost Skill cou'd I to Practice bring,

And *Musick* seem'd a strange unusual Thing ;

And as one Blind'd long, scarce brooks the Light,
 So pleasing Ayres my uncouth Tongue affright.

When I my slighted *Numbers* wou'd retrieve,

And make the speaking *Chords* appear to live ;

When I wou'd raise the murmuring *Viols* Voice,

Or make the *Lute* in brisker Sounds rejoice ;

When on my *Pipe* attempt a shriller Note,

Or join my *Harp* in Consort with my *Throat* :

My Voice (alas !) in floods of Tears is drown'd,

And boistrous Sighs disperse the fainting sound.

Again to *Sing*, again to *Play* I try'd ;

Again my *Voice*, again my *Hand* deny'd :

Slow and Unactive by Disuse so long,

Their Art's forgot both by my Hand and Tongue :

And now with these Allays I try too late

To mollifie my hard, my rigid Fate.

Grant

Grant I excell'd in *Musick*, and in *Song*,
 And warbled swift Division with my Tongue;
 Cou'd I with *Israel's sweetest Singer* vie,
 Or touch the *Harp* with more Success than *He*:
 Will *Musick* or *Complaint* best suit my Woe,
 Who never had *more cause* to Weep, than *Now*?
 But Sorrow has my tuneful *Harp* unstrung,
 And Grief's become habitual to my Tongue:
 Nor do the *Place* or *Time* such Mirth allow;
 But grant *they* did, my *Sorrows* answer *no*.
 For wou'd you have an *exil'd Stranger* Sing
 His *Country Songs* under a *Foreign King*?
 Forbear; my *Fate* and this loath'd *Place* conspire
 To *Silence* me, and *hinder your Desire*.
 Tears drown my Eyes, exhausted by my Wrongs,
 Then, ah! how am I fit for jocund Songs?
 Harsh Fortune's wounded Captive kindly spare!
 My Voice has lost its pleasing Accents here.
 Sorrow disorders and distorts my Face,
 I cannot give my Songs their former Grace.
 Shou'd I begin to Sing or Play, 'twou'd be
 Some doleful *Emblem* of my Misery.
 My Thoughts are all on my lost State intent,
 And close Companions of my Banishment.
 Then why am I desir'd to Play or Sing, (String?
 Now Grief has broke my Voice, and slackned ev'ry
 Oh!

Oh ! my lov'd Country, when I think on *Thee*,
My *Lute*, my *Voice*, my *Mind*, all lose their Harmony :
But if to *Thee* I happily return, (*Mourn.*
Then they shall all *Rejoice*, as much as now they

Aug. Medit. cap. 35.

) *that I could say such Things as the
Hymn-singing Choire of Angels ! How
willingly would I pour forth my Self
in thy Praises !*

ECSTACIES



*I charge you O Daughters of Ierusalem,
if you find my Beloved, that you tell
him that I am Sick of Love. Cant. 5. 8.*

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ECSTACIES

OF THE

ENAMOUR'D SOUL.

BOOK *the Third.*

I.

charge you, O Daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my Beloved, that you tell him that I am sick of Love, Cant. v. 8.

BLeft *Residents* in those bright *Courts* above
Those *Starry Temples* where you *Sing and Love*;
By sacred *Verses* I you adjure and bind,
By a happy *Chance* my *Love* you find;
O him my strong, my restless *Passion* bear,
And gently whisper't in his sacred *Ear*;
Now I each *Moment* in soft *Sighs* *Expire*,
And languish in the *Flames* of my *Desire*.
Now I am scorch'd in *Love's* fierce *torrid Zone*,
As withering *Flow'rs* before the raging *Sun*.

For

For scattering round his Darts, among the rest
 He shot himself into my Love-sick Breast ;
 Thro' Blood and Bones the Shaft like Lightning flew
 And with strange Influence seiz'd my melting Soul
 Now in a Flame unquenchable I burn,
 And feel my Breast t' another *Aetna* turn.
 If a more full Account he wou'd receive,
 (For *Lovers* always are inquisitive :)
 Tell him how Pale, how Languishing I look,
 And how I fainted when I wou'd have spoke.
 If he enquires what pace my *Fever* moves,
 Oh ! tell him, I no Fever feel, but *Love's* :
 Or if he asks what danger of my Death,
 Tell him—I cou'd not tell, for want of Breath.
 Tell him no Message you from me Relate,
 But gasping Sounds, that spoke approaching Fate.
 Yet, if he questions how in Death I look,
 Say how my *Beauty* has my Face forsook.
 Say how I'm strangely all Transform'd with Woe
 That he my *Suff'rings* and *their Cause* may know.
 Tell him I lie seiz'd with a deadly Swound,
 A Bloodless Corps stretch'd on the naked Ground.
 Tell him my *Eyes* swim round my dizzy *Head*,
 And on my Breast my feeble Hands are spread,
 The Coral of my Lips grows sickly pale,
 And on my Cheeks the withering *Roses* fail ;

My Veins, tho' Chaf'd, have lost their Azure hue,
 And *their Decay* shews *Nature failing* too :
 Nor any Signs express remaining Life,
 But the *worst Symptoms*, Sighs that vent my Grief.
 And yet I cannot any Reason feign,
 Why, tho' *unhurt*, so often I complain ;
 Unless some treach'rous Sigh unruly prove,
 Betray my blushing Soul, and own 'tis *Love*.
 This, this was sure *my Sorrows only cause* ;
 I *lov'd*, yet *knew not what a Lover was*.
 This from my Breast extorted *frequent Sighs*,
 And prest the Tears from my *o'erflowing Eyes*.
 This was the cause, that when I strove to frame
Remote Discourse, it ended with *his Name*.

Oh! then ———

Tell the *lov'd Object* of my *Thought* and *Eye*,
 How I his *Martyr* and his *Victim* die.
 Distill'd in *Love's Alembick*, I Expire,
 Parch'd up, like *Roses*, by too warm a Fire ;
 Or dry'd, like *Lilies*, which have long in vain
 Begg'd the refreshment of a gentle Rain.
 Tell him, the *cause* of all my Grief will prove,
 Without *his help*, my *Death* ; for, oh ! 'tis *LOVE*.

Rupert. in Cant.

Tell him, That I am sick of *Love*, through the great *Desire* I
 have of seeing his *Face* : I endure the *weariness* of *Life*, and
 I can hardly bear the *Delay* of my present *Exile*.

II. Stay



*Stay me with flagons, comfort me
with apples, for I am sick of Love
Cant 2. 5. P. 160.*

II.

*Stay me with Flagons, comfort me with Apples,
for I am sick of Love, Cant. ij. 5.*

HOW strangely, *Love*, dost thou my Will controul?
Thou *pleasing Tyrant* of my *captiv'd Soul*!
Oh! wou'dst thou have thy welcom Torments *last*,
Slacken their Heat, for *I Consume too fast*.
On other *Hearts* thy fiery Arrows show'r,
For *mine* (alas!) has now no room for more.
O spare *thy own Artillery*, and *my Breath*!
For the *next Shaft* comes wing'd with *certain Death*:
Oh! I am lost, and from my self estrang'd,
To *Love*, my *Voice*; to *Love*, my *Blood* is chang'd:
From *part* to *part* insensibly he stole,
Till the sly *Conqu'ror* had subdu'd the *whole*.

Alas! will no one pity my Distress?
Will neither *Earth* nor *Heav'n* afford Redress?
Canst *Thou*, the *Author* of my Miseries,
Canst *Thou* behold me with *relentless Eyes*?

M

Oh!

Oh! haste, you *bright Inhabitants* above,
 My *Fellow-Patients* in this *Charming Love* ;
 Rattle the *Gardens*, and disrobe the *Fields*,
 Bring all the *Treasure Natures Store-house*, yields ;
 Bind fragrant *Rose-buds* to my *Temples* first,
 Then with *cool Apples* quench my *fiery Thirst*.
These may allay the *Fever* of my *Blood*.
 Oh no ! there's nothing, nothing does me good.
 Against *Loves force* what *Salve* can *Roses* make,
 Since ev'n *themselves* may hide the *pois'nous Snake* ?
 And *Apples* sure can small assistance give,
 In *one of them* th' *Old Serpent* did deceive.
 O then ! to slacken this tormenting *Fire*,
 The *Rose of Sharon* only I desire :
 And for an *Apple* to assuage my *Grief*,
 Give it, oh ! give it from the *Tree of Life* !
 Then strow them gently on my *Virgin-Bed* !
 And as the withering *Rose* declines its *Head*,
 Compos'd to *Death's long Sleep* my *Rest* I'll take,
Dream of my Love, and in his Arms awake.

Gillen in Cant. cap. 2.

It is certainly a good Languishment, when the Disease is not to Death, but Life, that God may be glorified by it: When that Heat and Fever does not proceed from a consuming, but rather from an improving Fire.

M 2

III. My



*My Beloved is mine, and I am his;
he feedeth among the Lillies
Cant. 2. 16.*

P. 164.

III.

*My Beloved is mine, and I am his ; he feedeth
among the Lilies, Cant. ij. 16.*

Blest Souls, whose Hearts burn with such *equal Fire*,
As never, but *together*, will Expire !
To *your Content* I wou'd not *Crowns* prefer,
For *all Heav'ns Blessings* are dilated *there* :
And when with *equal Flames* two Souls engage,
That happy Minute is *Love's golden Age*.
Such Bliss I wish'd, when *Love* at first possess'd,
And spread his Ensigns o'er my trembling Breast :
How oft I pray'd, whene'er in *Love* I burn,
Grant me, great Pow'r, to find a just return !
The God return'd this *Answer* to my *Pray'r*,
Love first, and never then of Love Despair !
The sudden Sound invades my frightned Ear,
I trembled when I knew *the God* was near.
Is it thy Will, *Almighty Love* (I cry'd)
To list a Soldier, in thy Wars untry'd ?
'Tis true, my *Fellow-Maids* have told me long
The *promis'd Joys* of thy adoring throng :

But oft my *Nurse*, acquainted with the Cheat,
Told me, 'twas all *Delusion* and *Deceit* ;
And that the *Oracle* too true wou'd prove,
Which thus declar'd *the ill effects of Love* :

“ Num'rous as *Atho's* Hares, or *Hybla's* Swarms,

“ Or Olive-berries on the loaden Tree,

“ Or as the Shells, or Sands, are *Love's* Allarms,

“ Abounding still with Fear and Misery.

For still this Fear the Wretches entertain,”

Lest all their *Love* shou'd meet unjust *Disdain*.

Of happy *Lovers* no Records can boast ;

Their Bliss was *Counterfeit*, or short at most :

The airy *God's* unsettled Motion shews

That *Love's* a Tide that always *Ebbs* and *Flows*.

Go then and trust those dying Flames that will,
Since *Love's* a wand'rer and uncertain still.

“ Than his own Feathers is he lighter far,

“ And all his promis'd Faith but empty Air.

By *Oaths* and *Vows* let no one be betray'd,

Which vanish in the Breath with which th'are made.

His Cheeks are with unusual Blushes dress'd,

And his quick Flight, this mighty Truth confess :

And now his *Fraud*, and *Treachery* I knew,

To all his Pow'r I bid a last *Adieu*,

To Thee, thou *Heav'n-born Love*, my Soul I'll join,

Be thou my Flame, Dear Lord ! and I'll be thine !

While

While *Day* and *Night* successively return,
 Our *mutual Fires* shall never cease to burn,
 O the sweet Balm distilling from each Kiss !
 How vast the Pleasure, how divine the Bliss !
 What new Delights from *Heav'nly Love* still flow,
 They only, who enjoy the Blessing, know.
But, oh ! to Love, or to Belov'd of Thee,
Is the great Myst'ry of Felicity :
 And, more t'inhance and recommend the Joy,
 'Tis such as Time does *Heighten*, not *Destroy*.
My Love, my Life in Thee all *Hybla's* Sweets,
 In *Thee* all *Ophir's* richest Treasure meets.
 With what repeated *Ecstacies* possést,
 We vent our Passions in each others Breast !
 O how unspeakable's the Bliss to me,
 To lose my Self in thoughts of its Eternity !
This Love is subject to no anxious Cares,
 Too *Blest* for *Troubles*, too *secure* for *Fears*.
 In *Paradices* of Delight it feeds,
 Where whitest Lilies deck th'enamell'd Meads :
 Among which *Emblems* of our pure Desires,
 We in chaste Pleasures quench our mutual Fires.

Bernard. in Cant. Sermon. 71.

*Thou who bearest, or reade'st this, take care to have
 the Lilies in thee, if thou would'st have this dweller
 among the Lilies visit thee.*



*I am my Beloved's, and his desire
is towards me. Cant. 7. 10.*

P. 168.

IV.

I am my Beloved's, and his Desire is towards me,
Cant. vij 10.

THro' the thick shades of a cool *Cypress Grove*,
Weeping I wander'd to bewail my Love;
A briny Torrent rowl'd adown my Breast,
And weighty Grief my sinking Soul Opprest.
In my sad Arms an Ivory Lute I bore,
My Sorrows sure Physician heretofore.
Tir'd with my Grief, on a soft Turf I Rest,
And thus unload my over-burthen'd Breast.

Must I my Days consume in lonesom Grief,
And cruel Love deny me all Relief?
O let that Curse attend my Enemies,
Be they still Strangers to Love's envy'd Bliss!
' For not to *Love*, is surely not to *Live*,
' Since *Life's* chief Blessings we in *Love* receive:
' The whole design of *Living* is to *Love*,
' And who *Loves* most, does best his *Life* improve.

Bodies of Earth down to their Centre tend
 And Seeds of Fire to theirs above ascend.
 So our soft Hearts to *Love* are still inclin'd,
 Urg'd by a vi'lent impulse of the Mind.
 Ev'n *mine* too, kindled by an innate Flame,
 Is eager to deserve a *Lover's Name*.
 But where shall I my kindling Flames impart,
 Where yield the Virgin-fortress of my Heart?
 Shall I descend to a *low mortal Love*,
 I, the *Companion of blest Minds above*?
 Or shall I with *inferiour Creatures* Sport,
 Whom *their Creator* not disdains to Court?
 No, no, my Soul, fix thou thy Thoughts on high?
 Thou hast no equal Match beneath the Sky.
 My *Hymen* shall no other Torches bear,
 Than what have each been lighted at a Star.
Angels shall my Epithalamium Sing,
Conducting me in Triumph to their King.
Him, Him alone of all I can approve
 The noblest Object of the purest Love.
 His dear-lov'd *Image* still salutes my Eye,
 Nor can his *Absence* this Delight deny.
 No envious Distance can prevail to part
 His dear *resembling Impress* from my Heart.
 With him, methinks, in sweet Discourse I walk,
 Pleas'd with the Sound of his imagin'd Talk.

by strange sympathy, the faithful *Steel*
 feels the lov'd *Pole's* magnetick influence feel,
 whose kind Conduct the safe *Pylot* steers
 steady Course, till the wish'd Port appears.
 the fond *Hyacinth* pursues the *Sun*,
 eas'd at his Rise, griev'd when his Race is done:
 is *He* waited on by the pale *Moon*,
 who from his *Beams* Reflection guilds her own.
 like these, Almighty Love, to Thee I flie;
 thou withdraw'st thy Face, I Pine, I Die,
 then, since all my Joys on that depend,
 let the blest *Vision* never never end!

The same, by another Hand.

A *Cypress Grove* (whose melancholy shade
 To sute the Temper of the sad was made.)
 I chose for my Retreat, there laid me down,
 Hoping my *Sorrows* in my *Tears* to drown :
They vainly flow'd ; and now o'rewhelm'd with Grief
 From *Musicks* charming Sounds I sought Relief.
 This Song Compos'd, I strike my Lyre, and Sing,
 Soft Notes rebounding from each Silver String.
 Ah ! shall my wasted days no Passion Crown ;
 And must my empty years roul useles on !
 So hard a fate I'd wish my greatest Foes ;
 He lives not, who the flames of Love ne'er knows
 Stupid his Soul lies hid in darkest Night,
 Who is not chear'd with Love's transpiercing Light
 He bears no Image of the God above,
 Whose icy Breast's insensible to *Love*.
 The pond'rous Earth, by'ts proper weight depre
 Beneath all other Elements doth rest ;
 While pointed Flames do thro' the solid Mass
 Force their bright way, and unresisted pass :
 So thro' the solid lump of Man, the *Soul*
 Sends forth those Fires that all the Frame controul

and his Desires do hurry him away,
 Where-e'er those Flames direct th'obedient Clay.
 and now I feel an *unknown warmth* all o'er;
 burn, I melt, *but know not from what Pow'r* :
 'these *sharp quick Fires* are urg'd thro' ev'ry Vein,
 singling at once such *Pleasure* and such *Pain*.
 Ah! whither will this furious Passion drive?
 In vain against *Love's* raging force we strive.)
 Shall my *aspiring Soul*, like *vulgar Hearts*,
 complain of *shameful Wounds* from *Cupid's Darts*?
 If I shou'd be embrac'd by mortal Arms,
 They'd fade my Beauties, fully all my Charms :
 My *rising Mind* soars vast Degrees above
terrestrial Charms, they're much beneath my *Love* :
 These *gross Desires* my purer Soul disdains;
 He'll be *His Spouse* who ev'ry Being frames.
Tigres, of *Rome* the Wonder and the Pride,
 Her Charms to an *Ausonian Youth* deny'd,
 And in *these Terms* refus'd to be his *Bride* :
 If I have kindled Fires within your Breast,
 I cannot Grant, but Pity your Request :
 Nor can you justly my Refusal blame,
 Since I burn with a much *Diviner Flame* ;
 For my *Creator* hath engag'd my Heart,
 My Soul from *such a Spouse* can ne'er depart :

" His lovely Image still is in my Sight,
 " And at this Distance *He's my sole Delight* :
 " In Absence we converse ; I speak in Pray'rs,
 " And he in Absence Charms my listning Ears.
 So by the *Loadstones* unseen wondrous force
 The faithful *Needle* steers the Seaman's Course:
 Tow'rd's its lov'd *North* it constantly doth rise,
 Guiding their secret Course, where-e'er it lies.
 So does the Flow'r of *Phæbus* twice a Day
 Turn tow'rd's her *Sun*, and her glad Leaves Display
 Fair *Cynthia* thus regards her *Brother's* Beams,
 Renews her *Beauty* from his borrow'd *Flames*.
 I am thy *Clytie* (Spouse) thou art my *Sun*,
 I *Cynthia*, always tow'rd's thy *Light* must run.
 My *Spouse*, my *Helice*, with longing I (fill
 (Where-e're thou draw'st) tow'rd's thee in Rapture
 What wonder if in mutual Love *We* burn,
 Since *Steel* can tow'rd's the senseless *Loadstone* turn?

Bernard. Medit. cap. 9.

*My Heart passes through many Things,
seeking about where it may take its
Rest ; but finds nothing that pleases
it, till it returns to God.*

V. My



*My Soul melted as my Be-
loved Spoke, Cant. 5. 6.
P. 176.*

V.

*My Soul melted as my Beloved spoke,
Cant. v. 6.*

WHat *Hills*, what *Rocks*, what *Deserts* have I trod,
Only for one short view of *Thee*, my God?
How for one Word from those dear Lips of *Thine*,
My Feet a tiresom *Pilgrimage* injoin!
O'er craggy *Rocks* of such stupendous height,
Th'ascent does ev'n the climbing Deer afright:
Yet cannot my unwearied Haste delay,
For mighty Love conducts me all the way.
Tho' from these heights I all *Things* else descry,
The dear-lov'd *Object* shuns my longing Eye.
Distracted then, thro' ev'ry Den I rave,
Search each *Recess*, and visit ev'ry Cave.
In vain those unfrequented Paths I wear,
I only find thou art a Stranger there.
Sometimes into the open Plain I rove,
But there am lost in *Error* as in *Love*.
To Heav'n I look, and thro' the Fields complain,
But both unkindly answer not again.

N

Wandering

Wandring from thence I find a *shady Vale*,
 There on *my Love* (but still in vain) I call.
 Not far from *hence* a *close thick Cover* grows,
 Where panting Beasts fly for a cool Repose :
 Here, here, said I, perhaps He's laid to rest ;
 But, oh ! no sign of *Thee* was *here* imprest.
 Then, stung with Passion, and o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
 I coast the *Shoar*, and *thence* expect Relief.
 Here a *high Tow'r* exalts its lofty Head,
 By whose kind Light the wandring Sailor's led :
 Here I ascend, and view the Ocean round,
 While my Complaints o'er all the Shoar resound :
 Tell me, *you Shoars*, *you Seas*, and tell me true,
 Is not *my Love* conceal'd in some of *You* ?
 As to each other *you won'd constant be*,
 Discover, and be just to Love and Me !
 Scarce had the Shoar receiv'd the mournful Noise,
 When it return'd a loud redoubled Voice :
 But *that* some sporting *Eccho* I believe,
 That fools the Wretch'd, and dallies with their Grief,
 Again the Shoar I rend ; the Shoar does hear,
 And the *kind Voice* again salutes my Ear ;
 A *Voice*, a *well-known Voice* ! 'twas *Thine*, *my Life*,
 Whose *pleasing Accents* soon dispell'd my Grief.
 Now I reviv'd : *One* such *immortal Breath*
 Had power enough to *rescue me from Death*.

Thy Voice, like *Lightning*, unperceiv'd, unfelt,
 By a strange influence thro' the Soul can melt.
 So *thy Disciples Hearts* were fir'd within,
 When on the way thou didst Discourse begin ;
 The secret Charms of *Thy prevailing Voice*
 Caus'd *unaccountable*, yet *mighty Joys*.
 'Twas the same *Heav'nly Sound* that answer'd me,
 And all dissolv'd me into *Ecstasy*.
 That kindled such a Fire within my Soul,
 Whose ardent Heat an Ocean cannot cool.
 See how my melting Passions hast and run,
 Like *Virgin-wax* before the scorching *Sun* !
 O might I be so Blest to mix with *Thee*,
 Our *Life* the same, the same our *Love* shou'd be.

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 34.

*What is this that I feel ? What Fire is it that warms
 my Heart ? What Light is it that enlightens it ? O
 thou Fire which always burnest, and art never extin-
 guished ! do thou inflame me !*



*Whom have I in Heaven but thee?
and there is none upon Earth that
I desire in Comparison of thee.
Psal. 73. 24.*

P. 180.

VI.

*Whom have I in Heaven but thee? And there
is none upon Earth that I desire in compa-
rison of thee; Plat. lxxix. 24.*

WHAT shall I seek, great God, in Heaven above,
Or Earth, or Sea, whereon to fix my Love?
Tho' I shou'd ransack Heav'n, and Earth, and Sea,
All they can boast, is nothing without Thee.

I know what mighty Joys in Heav'n abound,
What Treasures in the Earth and Sea are found;
Yet without Thee, my Love! t'enrich their Store,
All, all their Glories are but Mean and Poor.
O Heav'n! O Earth! O vast capacious Main!
Three famous Realms where Wealth and Plenty reign!
Tho' in one heap your triple Pleasures lay,
They were no Pleasures, were my Lord away.
My Thoughts, I own, have oft'n rang'd the Deep.
Search'd Earth and Heav'n, and in no Bounds wou'd
keep;
But when they wandred the Creation round,
No equal Object in the Whole they found.

Sometimes I thought to rip the pregnant *Earth*,
 And give its rich and long-born Burthen Birth ;
Gold, Silver, Brass, Seeds of the shining Vein,
 And each bright Product of the fertile Mine :
 For *these* we dig and tear our *Mother's Womb*,
 Till for our boundless Treasures we want room :
 To what advantage ? Tho', o'ercharg'd with Gold,
 Your bursting Coffers can't their Burthen hold ;
 Yet this can ne'er your troubled Mind appease,
 Nor buy your Sorrows ev'n a Minutes ease.

Here disappointed, to the *Deep* I go,
 Whose secret *Chambers* dusky *Indians* know.
 Pleas'd with its Gemmy store my Self to load,
 I dive, and visit its conceal'd abode ;
 Then the *scarce Burret* seek, whose Bloods rich dye
 Is the great Ornament of Majesty.
 Then scatter'd Pearls I gather on the Shoar
 Where rich *Hydaspes* casts his shining Oar.

Alas ! these *Jewels* brought from several Coasts
 All that each *River*, or the *Ocean* boasts ;
 The *Saphyr*, *Jasper*, and the *Chrysolite*,
 Can't quench my *Thirst*, or stay my *Appetite*.
 Then, since the *Earth* and *Sea* content deny,
Heav'n's lofty Fabrick I resolve to try.

With

With wonder I the vast *Machine* survey,
 With glorious Stars all studded, bright and gay:
 Amaz'd their *still unalter'd Course* I view,
 And how their *daily Motions* they renew.
 But among all the *Penfile-fires* above,
 None warm'd my Breast, none rais'd my Soul to Love;
 But I beheld at *distance* from below;
 Then farewell *Earth*, up to their *Orbs* I go.
 Now *les'ning Cities* leave my distant Sight,
 And now the *Earths whole Globe* is vanish'd quite;
 Above the *Sun* and *Planets* I am born,
 And their *inferior Influences* scorn.
 Now the bright pavement of the *Saars* I tread,
 Once the high *cov'ring* of my humble Head.
 Now o'er the lofty flaming Wall I flie,
 And *Heav'n's bright Court* lies open to my Eye.
 Now curious Crowds of the *wing'd Quire* above
 Tow'rd's the *new Guest* with dazling Splendor move:
Hymns well compos'd to *Ayrs Divine* they Sing,
 New tune their *Harps*, and scrue up ev'ry String;
 Then in brisk Notes *triumphant Anthems* play,
 While *Heav'n* resounds, as if 'twere *Holy-day*.

O *glorious Mansions* fill'd with *shining Fires*!
 O *Courts* fit only for your *Starry Quires*!

(1841)

My ravish'd Soul's in strange Amazement lost ;
Sure *no Delight* is wanting on *this Coast*;
Ah ! — Said I, *no Delight* was wanting here ?
Yes, you want *All* ; alas ! you want *my Dear* .
Farewel you *Stars*, and you *bright Fanny* adieu ;
My Bus'ness here was with my *Love*, not *You* .
There's nothing good *below* without *my Love* ,
Nor any thing worth a faint *Wish above* .

One World subdu'd, the *Conqueror* did deplore .
That Niggard *Fate* had not allow'd him *more* :
My vaster Thoughts a *thousand Worlds* despise ,
Nor lose *one Wish* on such a *worthless Prize* .
Not *all the Universe* from *Pole to Pole* ,
Heav'n, *Earth*, and *Sea*, can fill my boundless Soul .
What neither *Earth's* wide *Limits* can contain ,
Nor the large *Empire* of the spreading *Main* ;
Nor *Heav'n*, whose vaster *Globe* does *both* inclose ;
That's the sole *Object* my *Ambition* knows .
Till now, alas ! my Soul at *Shadows* caught ,
And always was *deceiv'd* in what it *sought* :
Thou, Lord, alone art *Heav'n*, *Earth*, *Sea*, to me :
Thou, Lord, art *All*, all *nothing* without *Thee* .

Aug.

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 20.

*Whatever is contained within the compass of
Heaven, is beneath the Soul of Man, which
was made to enjoy the chiefest Good above, in
whose Possession alone it can be Happy.*



Wo is me, that I am constrained to
dwell with Meſech, and to have
my habitation among the tents
of Kedar. *Pſal. 120. 4.* P. 186.

VII.

*Wo is me, that I am constrained to dwell with
Mefech, and to have my Habitation among the
Tents of Kedar ! Psal. cxx. 4.*

STill does the Sun with usual Motion steer
The Revolutions of the circling Year ?
Or Gibeon's wondrous Solstice is renew'd,
When at the mighty Joshua's Beck he stood ?
Or is his Motion now grown Retrograde,
As when he turn'd the Hebrew Dial's shade ?
Why else shou'd I, who now am past the Age
Allow'd to tread this World's unhappy Stage ?
Why shou'd I be deny'd an Exit, now
I've play'd my part, and have no more to do ?
Is there on Earth a Blessing to repair
Th' injurious force of my Detainer there ?
How wou'd I welcom any fav'ring Death,
To ease me of the burthen of my Breath ?
By one sure stroke, kind Fate, my Soul reprieve !
For 'tis continual Dying here to Live.

Here

Here our chief Bliss is an uncertain Joy,
 Which swift vicissitudes of Ill destroy:
 Just as the Sun, who rising bright and gay,
 In Clouds and Show'rs concludes the weeping Day:
 So boisterous Gusts oft tender Flow'rs invade.
 By tempting Winds too soon abroad betray'd.

*Here, envious of each others Settlement,
 All Things contend each other to Supplant.
 The second Minute drives the first away,
 And Night's impatient to succeed the Day:
 The eager Summer thinks the Spring too long,
 And Autumn frets that Summer is not gone:
 But Autumn's self to Winter must give way,
 Lest its cold Frosts o'erake and punish his delay.*

*Behold you Sea, how smooth, without a frown?
 See, while I speak, how curl'd, how rough 'tis grown?
 Look, how serene's the Sky, how calm the Air?
 Now, hark, it thunders round the Hemisphere!
 This great unconstancy of humane State
 Corrupts each Minute of our happy Fate.
 But, oh! the worst of Ills is still behind,
 The rav'nous Converse with our Beastly kind.
 Sure Nature first in Anger did intend
 A plague of Monsters o'er the World to send;*

Then

Then brought forth her most ~~brutish~~ Off-spring Men,
 And turn'd each House into a savage Den.
 In this rapacious Species we may find
 All that's destructive in the prey'ing kind ;
 Lion, Woolf, Tyger, Bear, and Crocodile,
 Strong to devour, and cunning to beguile :
 These Beasts are led to Prey by appetite,
 And that once pleas'd, no more in Blood delight ;
 But Man, like Hell, has an insatiate Thirst,
 And still is keenest when so full to burst.
 This raises Fraud, makes Treach'ry fine and gay,
 While banish'd Justice flies disrob'd away :
 This fills the World with loud Alarms of War,
 And turns the peaceful Plow-share to a hostile Spear.
 Who wou'd be Slave to such a tyrant Life,
 That still engages him in Noise and Strife ?
 Long since, alas ! I did my Years comp'at,
 And serv'd for Freedom, still deny'd by Fate.
 When I compute to what a Price amount
 My mispent Days, I'm Bankrupt in th' Account.
 Oh ! what strange Frenzy does those Men possess,
 Who rashly deem long Life a Happiness ?
 They sure are Strangers to the Joys above,
 Who more than Home a wretched Exile love.
 But Heav'n's remote, and its far-distant Bliss
 Appears Minute to our mistaken Eyes.

Ah !

Ah ! why, my *Country*, art thou plac'd so far,
That I am still a *tedious Wanderer* ?

Happier the *Exiles* of old Heathen *Rome*,
Whom only *Tiber* did divide from *Home* !
While to *remoter Banishment* design'd,
A vast *Abyss* 'twixt *Heav'n* and *Me* I find.
The *Hebrew Slaves* were freed i'th' *Jubilee* ;
Unhappier *Vassal* ! I shall ne'er be free.
The swift fore-runner of the welcom Spring
Finds after *Winter's* cold a time to Sing :
She who did long in dark *Recesses* lie,
Now flies abroad and resalutes the Sky.
But still I live excluded from *above*,
Deny'd the Object of my *Bliss* and *Love*.
Haste, haste, my *God*, and take me up to *Thee* ;
There let me *live*, where I was *made to be* :
Or if my *Body's* freedom's not design'd,
So soon, at least, I will be there in *Mind*.

Aug. Serm. 43.

There are two Tormentors of the Soul, which do not torture it together, but by turns; their names are Fear and Grief: When it is well with you, you fear; when ill, you grieve.

VIII. *O wretched*



*O wretched man that I am, who
shall deliver me from the body
of this death? Rom. 7. 24.*

P. 192.

VIII.

*O wretched Man that I am ! who shall deliver me
from the body of this Death ? Rom. vij. 24.*

W Here are the lost Delights for which I grieve,
But which my Sorrows never can retrieve ?
Such vast Delights——but mention not the Loss,
Whose sad Remembrance is thy greatest Cross :
And Fate is kindest when it robs us so,
To take away our Sense of Suffering too.
On our first Parents Folly we exclaim,
As if They only were, as first, to blame :
On Eve and Adam we discharge our Rage,
And thus expose our naked Parentage.
Tho' thou who thy First Parents dost condemn,
Thou ought'st to blame thy Self as well as Them.
When Life at one rash Cast was thrown away,
Thou didst, as well as thy Forefather, play.
But I (alas !) condemn not Them alone,
Nor while I mind their Fall, forget my Own.
With Eve I was consenting to the Cheat,
Impos'd on Adam, and helpt him to Eat.

O

Hence

Hence I my *Nakedness* and *Shame* deriv'd,
 And *Skins* of *Beasts* to cover *Both* receiv'd :
 Was from my *forfeit Eden* justly driv'n,
 The *Curse* of *Earth*, and the *Contempt* of *Heav'n*.
 Nor do I now the *general Loss* bemoan ;
 My *Grief's* too little to bewail *my Own*.
 The tragick *Story* from my *Birth* I'll take,
 For early *Grief* did my first *Silence* break.
 'Twas *July's* Month, the loveliest of the Year,
 (Tho' all my *Life* *December* did appear :)
 The *Twenty-seventh* ; Oh ! had it been my last,
 I had not Mourn'd, nor that made too much haste.
 That was the fatal *Day* that gave me *Breath*,
 Which prov'd almost my teeming *Parent's* *Death*.
 And *still*, as *then*, to *her* (alas !) I've been
 A true *Benoni*, not a *Benjamin*.
 No sooner was I for the *Cradle* drest,
 But a strange *Horror* all around possess'd ;
 Who with one dire *prophetick Voice* presage
 Th' *attending Mis'ries* of my growing *Age*.
 Why did'st thou give me *Life*, more *fatal Day*
 Than *that* which took th' *Egyptian Males* away ?
 No more be numbred in the *Calender*,
 But in *thy Place* let a *large Blot* appear !
 Or if thou must thy *annual Station* keep,
 Let each *Hour* *Thunder*, and each *Minute Weep* !
Let,

*Let, as on Cain, some Mark be fix'd on Thee,
 That giving Life, didst worse than Murder Me.
 Now, Friends, I find your fatal Aug'ry true ;
 My Woes each other, like my Hours pursue.
 Hence the large Sources of my Tears arise,
 And no dry Minute wipes my flowing Eyes.
 No sooner had I left my childish Plays,
 The harmless Pastimes of my happiest Days :
 Now past a Child, yet still in Judgment so,
 I study'd first what I was not to know.
 And my first Grief was to lament my Fate,
 And yet 'twas seldom I had time for that.
 My stubborn Soul a long Resistance made,
 Impatient thus by Nature to be sway'd :
 Oft strove to Heav'n to raise its lofty Flight,
 As oft suppress'd by its gross Body's Weight :
 But what it cou'd not reach, its Eyes pursue ;
 Then cry'd, Ah God ! and shed a briny Dew.
 Twice more it wou'd repeat the pleasing Noise,
 But struggling Sighs restrain'd th' imprison'd Voice.
 Such sure were felt in Babels Monarchs Breast,
 When of his Throne and Nature dispossest :
 But conquer'd Patience yields at last to Grief,
 And thus I vent my Wo, and beg Relief.*

Blest Author of my Life, hear my Complaint,
 And free this Captive from its loath'd Restraint !
 Speak but the Word, thy Servant shall be free !
 Thou *mad'st* me thus, O thus *unbody* me !
 Or if thou wilt not *this Relief* afford,
 Grant some kind *Poison*, or some friendly *Sword* !
Dying I'd hug the *Author* of my Death,
 And beg his *Pardon* with my latest Breath.
 But to save Man the *Guilt*, send some *Disease* !
 Death in the *most affrighting shape* will please.
 Were I to act *Perillu's* scorching Scene,
 I shou'd rejoice to hear my Self complain.
 Oh Heav'n ! my *Patience* is o'ercome by *Grief* !
 Is there *above* no Succour, no Relief ?
 The mercy *Death* is all I thee implore ;
 Lord ! grant it soon, lest I Blaspheme thy Pow'r.
 When for dispatch tormented Wretches pray,
 No *Cruelty's* so barb'rous as *Delay*.
 Why am I to this noisom Carcase ty'd,
 Whose stench is Death in all its ghastly Pride ?
 Then speak the Word, and I shall soon be free ;
 Thou form'st me thus, O thus *unbody Me* !

Amb.

Amb. in Psal. cxviii.

*How does that Soul Live, that is inclosed
in a covering of Death?*



*I am in a straight between two, having a
desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ.*

Philip . 1 . 23 .

P. 198.

IX.

I am in a Straight between Two, having a desire to be Dissolved, and to be with Christ, Philip. i. 23.

HOW shall I do to *fix* my *doubtful* Love?
 Shall I remain *below*, or soar *above*?
 Here *Earth* detains me, and retards my Flight;
 There *Heav'n* invites me to sublime Delight:
Heav'n calls aloud, and bids me *haste away*;
 While *Earth* allures, and gently whispers, *stay*!
 But hence thou fly *Inchantress* of my Heart!
 I'll break thy Fetters, and despise thy Art.
 Haste, haste, kind Fate, unlock my Prison Door!
 Were I releas'd, how I aloft wou'd Soar?
 See, *Lord!* my struggling Arms tow'ards *Thee* are sent,
 And strive to grasp thee in their wide Extent.
Oh! had I pow'r to mount above the Pole,
And touch the Center of my longing Soul!
 Tho' torn in sunder by the Flight I be,
 I'd lose one *half*, might t' other reach but *Thee*.

But thou above derid'st my weak Designs,
 And still oppos'st what thy Word enjoins.
 Vainly I *beg* what thou dost still *deny*,
 And stretch my Hands to reach what's plac'd too *high*.
 Oft to my Self *false Hopes* of Thee I feign,
 And think thou kindly com'st to break my Chain.
 Now, now, I cry, my Soul shall soar above!
 But this (alas!) was all dissembled Love.
 Sure this *Belief* some Pity might obtain;
 Thou shou'dst at least for *this* have broke my Cain.
 But if I'm still confin'd, my *Wings* I'll try;
 And if I fail, in *great Attempts* I die.

But see! *He* comes, and as he glides along,
 He beckons me, and seems to say, *Come on*.
 I'll rise, and flie into his lov'd Embrace,
 And snatch a Kiss, a thousand, from his Face.
 Now, now he's near, his sacred Robe I touch,
 And I shall grasp him at the next approach;
 But he (alas!) has mock'd my vain Design,
 And fled these Arms, these slighted Arms of mine:
 For tho' the Distance ne'er so little be,
 It seems th' *Extremes* of the *vast Globe* to me.
 Thus does my *Love* my Longing *tantalize*,
 And bids me *follow*, while too fast he *flies*.

Thus

Thus *sportive Love* delights in *little Cheats*,
Which oft are punish'd with *severe Deceits*.

The World has an *Original* in *Me*,
To paint *deluded Lovers Misery* :
And *he* who has his *ease Fair* betray'd,
Finds all his *Falshood* with *large Int'rest* paid.
I ne'er suspected *thou* cou'dst *Faithless* be,
But *sad Experience* has instructed me.

As a chain'd *Mastiff*, begging to be loose,
With restless *Clamours* fills the deafn'd House ;
But if deny'd, his *Teeth the Chain* engage,
And vent on *that* their inoffensive Rage :
So I Complain, *Petition* to be freed,
And humbly *Prostrate* beg the *Help* I need.
But when you *Frown*, and my *Request* deny,
Deaf as the *Rocks* to my repeated Cry ;
Then I against my hated *Clog* exclaim,
And on my *Chain* lay all the guilty *Blame*.
Thus *Grief* pretends, by giving *Passion* vent,
To ease the pain of my *Imprisonment*.
But I unjustly blame the *Chain* alone,
And spare the *cruel Hand* that ty'd it on.
Well might the barb'rous load of *Chains* I bear
Become a *Renegado Slave* to wear ;

But

But why this harsh ill Usage, Love, to Me,
Whose whole endeavour is to come to Thee?
 But when my Soul attempts that lofty Flight,
 'Tis still suppress'd by a gross Bodies Weight.
 So fare *young Birds*, by Nature wing'd in vain,
 Whom sportful Boys with scanty Threads restrain;
 When eager to retrieve their *Native Air*,
 They rise a little height, and flutter there:
 But having to their utmost Limits flown, (down.
 The more they strive to mount, they fall the faster
 Each, tho' it sleeps in its *young Tyrants* Breast,
 And is with *Banquets* from his Lips Carest;
 Yet prizes more the *freedom of the Wood*,
 Than all the *Dainties* of its dear-bought Food.
 Could *Tears* dissolve my Chains, O with what ease
 I'd weep a *Deluge* for a quick release?
 But *Tears* are vain, reach, *Lord!* thy Hands to me,
 And in return I'll stretch my Chains to thee.
 Thou, only thou canst loose my Bands; for none
 Can take them off, but he that put them on.

Chrysoft.

Chrysost. hom. 55. ad pop. Antioch.

How long shall we be fastned here? We stick to the Earth, and as if we should always live there, we wallow in the Mire. God gave us Bodies of Earth, that we should carry them to Heaven, not that we should by them debase our Souls to the Earth.

X. Bring



*Bring my Soul out of prison, that I may
praise thy name. Psal. 142. 9.*

P. 204.

X.

*Bring my Soul out of Prison, that I may praise
thy Name, Psal. cxlij. 9.*

I Who did once thro' Heav'n's wide Regions rove,
Free Denizen of those vast Realms above ;
Now to a *narrow Dungeon* am confin'd,
A Cave that darkens and restrains my Mind.
When first my Soul put on its fleshly Load,
It was Imprison'd in the dark Abode ;
My Feet were *Fetters*, my *Hands Manacles*,
My *Sinews Chains*, and all *Confinement* else ;
My *Bones* the *Bars* of my loath'd *Prison-grate* ;
My *Tongue* the *Turnkey*, and my *Mouth* the *Gate*.

Why from my *Native Station* am I sent
A *Captive* to this *narrow Tenement* ?
How oft wou'd I attempt a *shameful Flight*,
In *Fire* or *Water* bid the World good *Night* ?
How oft have I *their happy Fate* admir'd,
Who by the *Sword* or *Poison* have expir'd ?

But

*But to gain Heav'n, we must Heav'n's leisure stay,
Such rash Attempters have mistook the way.*

As only Heav'n our Beings did bestow,

'Tis Heav'n's sole right to countermand them too :

And when to take what That first gave we strive,

We impiously encroach on God's Prerogative ;

And on our Souls by this unlawful Act,

In breaking Pris'n we a new Guilt contract :

While th' impious Course we take to set us free,

Betrays us to a greater Slavery.

Had I some winding Lab'rinth for my Jail,

I then might hope for Freedom to prevail :

But while imbody'd in this Flesh I lie,

Heav'n must be the Deliverer, not I.

Let the mistaken Wretch his Pris'n accuse,

Which for his Flight did no kind Means refuse.

Wou'd some kind Chink one heavenly Ray admit

To bless my Eyes, how wou'd I honour it ?

But while confin'd to this dark Cell I lie,

My captive Soul can't reach its native Sky.

Here, even my Will's a slave to Passions made,

Passions which have its Liberty betray'd.

When piously it is inclin'd to good,

'Tis by repugnant Passions still withstood.

Thus Israel in th' Egyptian Bondage far'd,

While from the Service of their God debarr'd ;

When

When to his Worship they desir'd to go,
 The Tyrant Phar'oh always answer'd, No.
 Oh my dear God ! visit this humble Cell,
 And see within what narrow Walls I dwell.
 But if the *Locks*, and *Bars*, and *Grates* affright,
 Command them all to *open* at thy sight.
 Command them, *Lord*, to set thy Servant free;
 Nor will this Deed without Example be :
Angels have left their *Thrones* and *Bliss* above,
 To ransom those whom thou art pleas'd to *Love*.
 Thus *Peter* did his op'ning Prison view,
 Yet scarce believ'd the *Miracle* was true.
 But no such Favour is indulg'd to me,
 I want (alas !) such happy *Liberty*.
 Come, my dear Lord ! unlock my Prison Gate,
 And let my Soul tow'rd Heav'n expatiate :
 In triumph tho' thy Slave conducted be,
 I'll bless the *Chains* that bind me close to *Thee*.
 To *Thee* my Hands are thro' the Gates address ;
 O that I cou'd but follow with the rest !
 The captive *Bird* about its *Cage* will fly,
 And the least way for its *Escape* espy,
 And with its Bill gnaws thro' the *Twiggy Gate*
 A secret Passage to its first *free State*.
 Can'st thou, my God ! be deaf to all my Cries,
 And more obdurate than my *Prison* is ?

Nor for *my Self*, but *Thee* do I complain,
Thy sacred Praise, which I *wou'd Sing*, in vain;
For *here* (alas!) I cannot once rejoice,
Nor touch my *Strings*, nor raise my *tuneful Voice*.
For Birds confin'd, to rage convert their *Notes*,
Or *sullen* grown, lock up their silent Throats.
Come then, *my God*, unlock my *Prison-gate*,
And let my Soul tow'rds Heaven Expatiate!
There my loud Voice in joyful *Notes* I'll raise,
And *sing Eternal Anthems* to thy Praise.
But if thou wilt not this Request allow,
At thy own *Glory* thou must *envious* grow.

Greg. in cap. 7. Job.

*Man is imprisoned, because by proficiency
in Virtue he often strives to rise on high,
but is kept down by the Corruption of
his Flesh.*



*Like as the Hart desireth the water-
brooks, so longeth my Soul after thee*
O God. Psal. 42. 1

P. 210.

XI.

*Like as the Hart desireth the Water-Brooks,
so longeth my Soul after thee, O God!
Psal. xlij. 1.*

LOrd! woud'st thou know my Breasts consuming
And how I pine and languish in Desire? (Fire,
The withering *V'lets* no resemblance yield,
Nor can I take it from the Sun-burnt *Field*;
Nor by *that Heat* can I express my Pain,
That melts us in the *fiery Dog-star's* Reign.
The *Lybian Sands*, where the Sun's warm salute
With barren Drouth destroys all hope of Fruit,
Ev'n *they*, compar'd with *me*, are *moist* and *cool*;
Such *raging Flames* have seiz'd my *helltick Soul*.
But woud'st thou have an *Emblem* of my Pains,
Regard then how the wounded *Hart* Complains,
While in his Side th'envenom'd *Arrows* lies,
His Blood boils over, and his Marrow fries:
Thus thro' the *Woods* he takes a nimble Flight,
Till some cool *Stream* salutes this distant Sight:

Then with redoubled Speed he Pants and Brays,
 Till *there* his *Thirst* and *Fever* he allays.
 Thus, thus *transfix'd* with an *Infernal Dart*,
 I feel the Poison raging in my Heart.
 Th' envenom'd Blood with vi'lent Fury burns,
 And to a thousand diff'rent Tortures turns.
 The Tyrant *Lust* now thro' my Body reigns,
 And now *Intemp'rance* bursts my glutt'd Veins.
 Now *Pride's* rank Poison swells my heaving Breast,
 And curs'd *Ambition* robs me of my Rest.
 Oh ! from what Stream shall I a *Med'cine* find
 To ease these restless Torments of my Mind ?
 Thou, thou, *my God !* alone canst ease my Grief,
 From the pure Waters of the Well of Life.
 My panting *Soul* laments and pines for them,
 As the chas'd *Hart* for the refreshing Stream.

Shunning the quick-nois'd *Hounds* affrighting cries
 With timorous haste oft to the *Toils* he flies :
 And when he finds himself too close beset,
 With active Speed o'er-leaps th' extended Net :
 But hotly by his num'rous Foes pursu'd,
 He seeks the Succour of some sheltring Wood ;
 And on his Neck, lest it retard his Speed,
 Casts back the useless Armour of his Head :

Which,

*Which, since he has not Courage to employ,
 Assists his Foes its Owner to destroy.*
 Sometimes he thinks the deep-mouth'd Foe is near
 From strong impressions of remaining Fear :
 Again he stands and listens for their Cries,
 Then, almost spent, thro' the close Thickets flies
 To the clear Springs : And as he pants for them,
 So pines my Soul for the Celestial stream ;
 There he renews his Strength, and lays his Heat,
 And rowls and wantons in the cool Retreat.

*Lord ! Hell's great Nimrod holds my Soul in chase,
 To shun whose Hounds I fly from place to place ;
 But closely they my weary Steps pursue,
 No means of Succour or Escape I view.
 Tir'd with my Flight, and faint with constant Sweat,
 I wish to Rest, I wish to lay my Heat :
 But where, O where can this Refreshment be ?
 'Tis no where, Lord ! 'tis no where but with Thee.
 With Thee an ever-bubbling Fountain flows,
 The remedy of all thy Servants Woes :
 Pleasing its Taste, its Vertue Sanative ;
 Nor Health alone, but endless Life 'twill give.
 Then tell not me of Tagus Golden Flood,
 Whose rowling Sands raise a perpetual Mud :*

*There shou'd I drink insatiate till I Burst,
Each greedy Draught wou'd re-inflame my Thirst.
No, to the pleasing Springs above I'll go,
The Springs that in the heavenly Canaan flow.
My panting Soul laments and pines for them,
As the chas'd Hart for the refreshing Streams.*

Cyrl.

Cyril. in Joan. lib. 3. cap. 10.

It is an excellent Water that allays the pernicious thirst of this World, and the heat of Vice ; that washes off all the stains of Sin ; that waters and improves the Earth in which our Souls inhabit ; and restores the mind of Man, that thirsts with an earnest desire after its God.



*When shall I come and appear before
the presence of God? Psal. 42. 2.*

P. 216.

XII.

*When shall I come and appear before the presence
of God? Psal. lxi. 2.*

With promis'd Joys my Ears thou oft did'st
fill,

But they are only Joys of Promise still.

Did'st thou not say thou soon wou'dst call me home?

Be just, my Love, and kindly bid me come!

" Expecting Lovers count each Hour a Day,

" And Death to them's less dreadful than Delay.

A tedious train of Months and Years is gone,

Since first you bid me hope, yet gave me none.

Why with delays dost thou abuse my Love,

And fail my vain Expectancies above?

While thus th' insulting Crowd derides my Woe,

Where's now your Love? how well he keeps his
Vow?

Haste then, and home thy longing Lover take;

If not for mine, yet for thy Promise sake.

When

When shall I come before thy Throne, and see
 Thy glorious Scepter kindly stretch'd to me ?
 For *Thee* I pine, for *Thee* I am undone,
 As drooping Flow'rs that want their Parent Sun.
 O cruel Tort'rer of my wounded Soul,
 Grant me *thy Presence*, and I shall be *Whole* !
 O when, thou Joy of all admiring Eyes,
 When shall I see thee on thy Throne of *Bliss* ?

As when unwelcom *Night* begins its sway,
 And throws its sable Mantle o'er the *Day* ;
 The withering Glories of the Garden fade,
 And weeping Groves bewail their lonely shade ;
 To melancholy Silence Men retire,
 And no sweet *Note* sounds from the feather'd *Quire* :
 But hardly can the rising Morn display
 The purple Ensigns of approaching *Day* ;
 But the glad Gardens deck themselves anew,
 And the cheer'd Groves shake off their heavy Dew :
 To daily Labour *Man* himself devotes,
 And *Birds* in Anthems strain their tuneful Throats.
 So without *Thee*, I Grieve, I Pine, I Mourn ;
 So Triumph, so Revive at *Thy Return*.
 But *Thou*, unkind, bid'st me delight my Eyes
 With other *Beauties*, other *Rarities*.

Sometimes thou bid'st me mark the flow'ry *Field*;
 What various scents and shews the *Meadows* yield;
 Then to the *Stars* thou dost direct my Sight,
 For they from *Thine* derive their borrow'd Light.
 Then saist, Contemplate *Man!* in *Him* thou'lt see
 The great *Resemblance* of thy *Love* and *Me*.
 Why wou'dst thou thus deceive me with a *Shade*,
 A trifling *Image*, that will quickly fade?
 My Fancy stoops not to a *mortal Aim*;
Thou, thou hast kindled, and must quench my *Flame*.

O glorious Face, worthy a Pow'r Divine,
 Where *Love* and *Awe* with equal Mixture shine!
 Triumphant Majesty of that *bright Ray*
 Where blushing Angels prostrate Homage pay!
 We in thy *Works* thy fix'd Impressions trace,
 Yet still but faint Reflections of thy *Face*.
 When this enchanted *World's* compar'd with *Thee*,
 Its boasted *Beauty's* all *Deformity*:
 Thy *Stars* no such transcending Glories own
 As *Thine*, whose Light exceeds *all theirs* in *one*.
 This Truth some one of them can best declare,
 Who on the *Mount* thy blest Spectators were:
 Who on Thy Glories were allow'd to gaze,
 And saw *Heav'n* open'd in Thy wondrous *Face*.

Thy

Thy shining Visage *all the God confest,* (drest.
In *beauteous Lambent* Flames were thy bright *Temples*

Nor can we blame thy great *Apostle's* Zeal,
To whom thou did'st that happy Sight reveal;
That slighting all before accounted dear,
He was for *building Tabernacles* here.
Yet he beheld Thee *then* within a *Veil,*
The *killing Rays* thou kindly did'st conceal;
He saw a *milder Flame* thy Face surround,
Thy Temples with *rebated Glories* Crown'd:
As when the Silver Moon's reflected Beams,
In some clear Evening gild the smiling Streams:
Or cloud-born Lightning in its nimble Race
Paints on a trembling Wave Heav'n's blushing Face.
How had he wondred at the *nobler Light,*
Whose bare *Reflection* was so Heav'nly bright?
But, oh! *That's* inaccessible to humane Sight!
Then *me,* oh! *me* to that *blest State* receive,
Where I may see thee *all,* and seeing *live!*
When will that happy Day of Vision be,
When I shall make a near approach to *Thee,*
Be wrapt in Clouds, and lost in Mystery?

'Tis true, the *Sacred Elements* impart
Thy *virtual Presence* to my *faithful Heart;*
But to my *Sense* still *unreveal'd* thou art.

This,

*This, tho' a great, is an imperfect Bliss,
 T'embrace a Cloud for the bright God I wish ;
 My Soul a more exalted Pitch wou'd fly,
 And view Thee in the heights of Majesty.*

*Oh ! when shall I behold Thee all serene,
 Without one envious Cloud, or Veil between ?
 When distant Faith shall in near Vision cease,
 And still my Love shall with my Sight increase ?
 That happy Day dear as these Eyes shall be,
 And more than all the dearest Things, but Thee.*

Aug. in Psal. 42.

*If thou findest any thing better than to behold the Face
 of God, haste thee thither. Wo be to that Love of
 thine, if thou dost but imagine any thing more beau-
 tiful than He, from whom all Beauty that delights
 thee is derived.*

XIII. O that



*O that I had the wings of a Dove! for
then I could fly away, and be at rest.
Psal. 56. 6.*

P. 222.

XIII.

*O that I had the wings of a Dove! for then I
would fly away, and be at rest, Psal. lv. 6.*

THO' *Great Creator!* I receive from *Thee*
All that I *am*, and all I *hope* to be;
Yet, might thy humble Clay *Expostulate*,
I wou'd complain of my *defective State*.

To Man th'ast given the boundless Regency
Of three vast Realms, the *Ocean*, *Earth*, and *Sky*;
But, oh; how shall this ample Pow'r be try'd,
When still the means to use it are deny'd?

Pardon my hasty Censure of thy Skill,
Who think thy mighty Work defective still!
Nor am I forward to Correct thy Art,
By wishing Man a *Casement* in his Heart,
Whose dark Recesses all the World might see;
That prospect justly is reserv'd for *Thee*:
But the defect I Mourn is *greater far*;
Of *Fins* to cut the Waves, and *Wings* the Air.

Inferior

Inferior Creatures no Perfection want,
 To hinder their Enjoyment of *Thy Grant* :
 The *sealy Race* have nimble *Fins* allow'd,
 With which they range about their native Flood :
 And all the *feather'd Tenants* of the Air,
 Born up on tow'ring *Wings*, expatiate *there*.
 Thus ev'ry Creature finds a *blest Content*
 Adapted to its proper *Element* :
 But *Man*, for the *Command* of all design'd,
 Is still to *One* injuriously confin'd ;
 While Nature often is *extravagant*,
 And gives his Subjects *more than what they want*.
 Some of the *watry kind*, we know, can fly,
 And visit, when they please, the lofty Sky ;
 And, in exchange, some of the *aery Brood*
 Descend, and turn bold Pirates in the Flood :
 While still to *Man* Heav'n does all Means deny
 To exercise his *vain Authority*.
 Ev'n buzzing *Insects* with light *Wings* are blest,
 In whose small frame Heav'n has much Art exprest :
 But *Man*, the great, the noble *Master-piece*,
 Wants a Perfection that *abounds in these*.
 Nay some, the *meanest* of the *Feather'd kind*,
 For neither *Profit* nor *Delight* design'd,
 Stretch their Dominions to a vast Extent,
 Nor pleas'd with *Two*, range a *third Element* ;

Some-

Sometimes on *Earth* they walk with *stately* Pace,
 And sport and revel on the tender *Grass* ;
 Then for the *liquid Stream* exchange the *Shoar*,
 And dally *there* as wanton as before :
 But wearied, *thence* their moistned Wings they rear,
 To take their wild *Diversion* in the *Air*.
 Sure *these* to rule the *triple World* were sent,
 And *denizon'd* of every *Element* :
 But *Man*, excluded both the *Sea* and *Air*,
 Can make small use of his *Dominion there*.
 Nor yet repine I that the *Earth's* alone
Man's Element, since I desire but *One* ;
 My whole *Ambition's* to *exchange* my Place,
 Tho' with the *meanest* of the *feather'd Race*.
 Grant me but *Wings* that I may *upwards* soar,
 I'll forfeit *them* if e'er I covet *more*.
 Nor canst thou, *Lord!* my just *Petition* blame,
 When thou regard'st the *end* of all my aim :
 The *Miseries below*, and *Joys above*,
 Recal from *hence*, and *thither* point my Love.
 The *Earth* (*alas!*) no settled *Station* knows,
 So fast the *Deluge* of its *Ruin* flows :
 Numberless *Troubles* and *Calamities*,
 Increase the *Flood*, too apt it self to rise.
 Tir'd with long *Flight*, my weary *Soul* can meet
 No friendly *Bough* to entertain her Feet.

*Here no bleſt ſign of Peace or Plenty is ;
 All lie o'erwhelm'd in the profound Abyſs.
 O whither then ſhall I for ſafety go ?
 I muſt not hope ſo great a Good below.
 Vainly to Honour or to Wealth I fly,
 Theſe cannot be their own Security ;
 My ſole dependance is the Sacred Ark,
 There, there my Soul in ſafety may embark :
 Thou ſend'ſt her thence, Lord, call her home again,
 And ſtretch thy favouring Hand to take her in !
 But ſhe's (alas !) too weak for ſuch a Flight,
 Her ſlagging Wings are baffled by its height.
 Wou'dſt thou vouchſafe to imp them, ſhe wou'd fly,
 And brave the towring Monarch of the Sky ;
 Then ſhe wou'd haſte to her eternal Reſt,
 And build above the Clouds her lofty Neſt ;
 There basking in the ſplendor of thy Beams,
 Be all employ'd on bright Angelick Themes ;
 In which th'adulterate World ſhall have no part,
 That ſly Debaucher of my wandering Heart :
 But in ſeraphick Flames for Thee I'll burn,
 And never, never think of a Return.*

Amb. Hom. 7.

Nothing can fly but what is Pure, Light, and Subtile, and whose Purity is not corrupted by Intemperance, nor its Cheerfulness or Swiftnefs retarded by any Weight.

Q 2

XIV. O how



*O how amiable (are thy Tabernacles,
thou Lord of Hosts. Psal. 84. 1.*

P. 228.

XIV.

*O how amiable are thy Tabernacles : Thou Lord
of Hosts ! Psal. lxxxiv. 1.*

Great *Leader* of the *Starry Hosts* that stand
In shining order on thy either Hand !
Such bright *Magnificence* adorns *Thy Throne*,
That *hence* my *ravish'd Soul* wou'd fain be gone,
To offer *there* her low *Devotion*.
Hail glorious *Palace*, which a lofty *Mound*
Of shining *Jasper* closely does surround !
Where the blew *Saphyre* and clear *Chrysolite*
At once *astonish* and *affect* the *Sight* !
Where sparkling *Topas-thresholds* kiss the *Feet*
Of all who come towards the *Almighty's Seat* !
By doors of dazzling *Adamant* let in,
Where *Golden Roofs* on *Emerald Pillars* shine !
This lofty *Structure*, this divine *Abode*,
Becomes the *Presence* of its *Founder-God*.

Here purest *Ayrs*, fann'd in by *Angels Wings*,
 Breathe all the *Odours* of ten thousand *Springs*.
 Here no benumbing *Frosts* dare once be rude,
 Nor piercing *Snows* within these *Courts* intrude,
 The *torrid Zone* is far remote from hence,
 This *Climate* feels a gentler influence.
 This true *Elizium's* Pleasures ne'er decay,
 Whose time is all but *One eternal Day*.

Bright Resident of the Cœlestial Spheres!
 How despicable's *Earth*, when *Heav'n* appears?
 The very name of *Grief's* a Stranger here,
 And nothing can beget a thought of *Fear*.
 Here undisturb'd *Tranquillity* presides,
 And entrance to all *jarring Foes* forbids.
 Hence every *Passion*, *Frailty* and *Disease*,
 All that may *injure*, *trouble*, or *displease*,
 All that may *discompose* th' exalted *Mind*,
 Are to eternal Banishment confin'd.

Bright Resident of the Cœlestial Spheres!
 How despicable's *Earth*, when *Heav'n* appears?
 Here *feasting Souls* perpetual *Revels* keep,
 And never are concern'd for *Food* or *Sleep*;
 With *indefatigable Zeal* they move,
 Born on the wings of *Duty* and of *Love*.

Dissolv'd

*Dissolv'd in Hymns, here Quires of Angels lie,
 And with loud Hallelujah's fill the Sky.
 Here new-come Saints with wreaths of Light are crown'd,
 While ly'ry Harps and Silver Trumpets sound.
 Here ruddy Cherubs sacred Hymns begin,
 And smiling Seraphs loud Responses sing ;
 While echoing Angels the blest Ayrs retort,
 Follow'd by a loud Chorus of the Universal Court :
 While, to compleat the Musick of the Quire
 The Royal Psalmist tunes his Sacred Lyre.*

*Such was the mighty Joy, when they caress'd
 The Royal CHARLES, their welcom martyr'd Guest.
 Such Songs of Triumph fill'd Heav'n's space around,
 When in his room his God-like Son was crown'd :
 Him, for whose safety they were oft imploy'd,
 And blest the grateful Orders they obey'd :
 Him, for whose sake they did loud Storms assuage,
 And still'd the more tumultuous Peoples rage ;
 Knowing His Reign such Blessings wou'd dispence,
 To make their Pains a glorious Recompence :
 So mild, so good——such Woes his Exit brings,
 When they look on, they sigh, and flag their Wings.
 O that my ravish'd Soul cou'd mount the Skyes,
 To hear the Musick of their Psalmodies !*

*The meanest Seat in this bright Court I'd chuse,
 Before the best Preferment Earth bestows ;
 For one short Days sublime Enjoyment here
 Exceeds an Age of the chief Pleasure there.
 Hasten then, my Soul ! to those blest Mansions fly,
 With those bright Objects please thy wondring Eye !
 With their sweet Ays fill thy attentive Ear,
 Till thou hast learnt to chant glad Anthems there !
 Till thou, instructed in the Heav'nly Art,
 May'st in their Confort bear an humble Part !
 Blest Resident of the Cœlestial Spheres !
 How despicable's Earth, when Heav'n appears ?
 What pure Delights that happy Place allows ?
 How many Mansions in my Father's House ?
 My flaming Soul can thence no longer stay ;
 If none goes there and lives, I'll die to find the way,*

Bonavent.

Bonavent. Soliloq. cap. 4.

O my Soul! what can I say when I behold the Joy to come? I am lost in Admiration, because the Joy will be within and without, above and below, about and beside us.

XV. Make



*Make hast my Beloved, and be like
the Roe (or the young Hart) upon
the mountains of Spices Cant. 8. 14.*

P. 234.

XV.

*Make haste, my Beloved, and be like the Roe or
the young Hart upon the Mountains of Spices,
Cant. viij. 14.*

HAste, my bright Sun ! haste from my dazzel'd
Sight,
Too tender to endure thy streaming Light :
How does my *Tongue* my Love-sick *Soul* betray ?
This bids him fly, whom that wou'd beg to stay.
For why shou'd I his Absence thus engage,
Which *Grant* will make one tedious Hour an Age ?
Yet his too beauteous Beams forbid his stay ;
Fly then, my Love, or lay those Beams away !
Hadst thou on me this harsh Injunction laid,
The killing sound at once had struck me Dead :
But thy own *Flame*, not I, wou'd have it so,
I shou'd be Ages in pronouncing Go !
I wou'd not wish what now I do intreat ;
Then stay, and let me *not perswade* Thee yet !
Stay, stay my *Life*, and turn the deafned Ear !
Sure what I wou'd not *Speak*, you shou'd not *Hear*.

Hence

Hence let the Wind my feign'd Petition bear !
 'Twas *Fear*, not *I*, that form'd the hasty Pray'r.
 Yet (oh!) this melting Heat forbids your stay ;
 Fly, fly, *my Love*, I burn if you delay.

Oh ! let your Haste outstrip the hunted Hind ;
 But that's too slow ; fly like the nimble Wind !

Fly till thou leav'st ev'n flagging thought behind !

Yet in thy Flight a longing Look bestow,

A speaking Glance, to shew thee loath to go.

But that once cast, renew your Speed away :

Fly, fly, my Love, there's Death in your delay !

Behold those lofty Sky-saluting Hills,

Where rich Perfume from weeping Trees distills !

Where Lawrels, Cedars, and soft Myrtles grow,

And all the Spice *Arabia* can bestow :

To their high tops direct thy nimble Flight,

Till *thou*, like *them*, art vanish'd from my Sight !

Fly to the heights where the gay Seraphs Sing,

And the young Cherubs exercise their Wing !

Fly till the Stars appear as much below

Thy Station, as they are above it now !

Those places are inur'd to Heat and Fire,

And what *I dread*, is what *they most desire*.

One Spark's sufficient to inflame my Soul ;

Oh ! do not then consume me with the whole !

Then

Then let thy haste the hunted Hind out-go !
 And yet, methinks, thou shoud'st not leave me so !
 Fly where thou often may'st with ease look back,
 Nor from my Sight too far a Journey take :
 But keep such distance as the glorious *Sun*,
 When with most Light he guilds the pale-fac'd *Moon* !
 Ah ! this discov'ry of my Soul forgive !
 I cannot *with thee*, nor *without thee*, live.
 If thou art *near*, I *burn* ; *remote*, I *freeze* ;
 And *either distance* does *alike displease*.
 Then so approach me, *Lord*, I thee desire,
 That I may feel thy *Warmth*, but not thy *Fire*.
 Fly then, *my Life* ! fast as the hunted Deer ;
 But go no more *too far*, than stay *too near* !
 And when th'art gone, on reedy Pipes I'll play,
 And sing thy Praises in an amorous Lay ;
 And when I've wearied out the tedious Night,
 With a new Task I will my Self Delight.
 I'll carve at large on ev'ry spreading Tree
 Our Loves *Original* and *History*.
 What Time remains I'll dedicate to Sleep,
 Yet still my waking Thoughts *lov'd Object* keep.
 But see how while I speak I melt away !
 Haste your ungrateful Flight without delay !
Yet go as tho' you this Departure mourn,
And all your haste were for a quick Return.

Amb. de bono Mortis, cap. 5.

*The Soul desires that her Beloved would
be gone, because now she is able to fol-
low him in his Flight.*

F I N I S.

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